

MUNDAY MORNING DECEMBER 26, 1914

Engagement.

BATTLE AT VERA CRUZ.*Spanza is Forced to Fall Back.**Chief of the Revolution in Danger of Capture by Villa.**Troops are Defeated with Heavy Losses at Apizaco.**Executions Daily in City During Reign of Anarchy.**CRUZ, Dec. 25.—Fighting**between the adherents**of Gen. Carranza and those**of the Carranza in the outskirts of Vera**force, in unknown num-**bers, advancing, while the Carran-**za have been obliged to fall**back.**its quota of extra-**complete assortments of**holiday stocks to be**bought for befor-**ing at prices**for details.**Wright & Hill 5th**Street.**tioned on Fifth Page.)***WORLD'S NEWS
IN TODAY'S TIMES.***ENLARGED, CLASSIFIED AND INDEXED.**Foremost Events of Yesterday: (1) The Battle in**(2) Hand-to-Hand Fighting in France and Flanders.**(3) Battle at Vera Cruz. (4) Wilson's Alarm Over**Revolts in the Philippines. (5) Aeroplane Invasion of**Conn.**(6) Filibuster Threatened in Congress to Com-**Government to Give Better Protection to the Pacific**INDEX.**TELEGRAPH NEWS.**Convict Stripes Abolished at Folsom Prison.**Army Officer is Frozen to Death in Alaska.**WASHINGTON, Congressmen Step-**ting Hard for Pacific Coast Protection.**Germany Raises Delicate Point in Ad-**ministering Belgian Affairs.**President Wilson Demands an Im-**mediate Report on the Plot for an Up-**rising of Filipinos in Manila.**President Wilson Spent Christmas Quietly at the White House with his near**relatives.**GENERAL EASTERN. A Cold Wave**is Spreading Rapidly through the Middle**West and Zero Weather is Predicted.**Cargo of Cotton Leaves Galveston di-**rect for Germany.**MEXICO. An Army of Gen. Villa at**the Gates of Vera Cruz may Capture Car-**razo.**Thirty Executions are Said to be Taking**Place Each Day in the Reign of Terror at**Mexico City.**Villa Appoints Blacksmith as Governor of Jalisco.**Gutierrez Announces New Mexican Cabinet.**THE GREAT WAR. The Situation to Date: Desperate Fighting between the Germans and Russians.**Hand-to-Hand Fighting in Flanders.**Aeroplane Raid over Sheerness.**Harwich in Dread of an Invasion.**COMMENT ON THE SITUATION.**There was Little Evidence Yesterday of any Christmas Spirit in the Trenches from which the world grows weary.**It was being fought, but not grandly.**The Fighting was More Severe than Usual, if Anything. The Attack by the Germans on the Russians was Quite Ferocious and the Resistance of a Kind for which the Slavs are noted.**The Germans are Fighting Hand to Hand. Elsewhere they are Too Close Together to Use the Rifle. The Czar Ate His Dinner in Petrograd Instead of Berlin, where he had Promised and Intended to Go to Eat It. The Kaiser is on German territory, though he Expected to be in Paris by Now. The Allies are All Obligated by Circumstances over which they have No Control to Eat in Belgium and Flanders Rather than in Berlin, where they had Boasted yesterday.**They would have their plum pudding yesterday.**ORDERS FOR ENGLISH ARMY.**(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A.P.)**LONDON, Dec. 25.—A Telegram from Calcutta Announces the Death of His Highness Sultan Taka, the Harja of Sind, in the Eastern Himalayas. He succeeded his father, the late Sir Thottub Mangyal, only a few months ago. Sind was the first ruler of his remote state to come into direct contact with western civilization. He spent two years in Oxford University and afterward traveled extensively with an English political officer.**CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Orders for**fall for artillery, harness, saddles, canteen covers, totaling 250,000 pounds, have been received by a Chicago firm from the purchasing agent of the English army. It was announced here today.**CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Orders for**fall for artillery, harness, saddles, canteen covers, totaling 250,000 pounds, have been received by a Chicago firm from the purchasing agent of the English army. It was announced here today.**CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Orders for**fall for artillery, harness, saddles, canteen covers, totaling 250,000 pounds, have been received by a Chicago firm from the purchasing agent of the English army. It was announced here today.**CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Orders for**fall for artillery, harness, saddles, canteen covers, totaling 250,000 pounds, have been received by a Chicago firm from the purchasing agent of the English army. 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REAR-GUARD COMBATS FOUGHT BY RUSSIANS.

Slavs Reported to Have Given up the Attempt to Take Cracow.

Austrians Declare Carpathians are Gradually Being Cleared of the Enemy, Who are Stubbornly Holding Their Own in the Galician Campaign—Sakhalin Island is Ceded to Japan in Trade for Guns.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

ERLIN (via Sayville, L. I.) Dec. 25.—Among the items given out today by the official press bureau were the following:

"Despite the evident stubborn nature of the fighting along the whole eastern front, Maj. Morath, military correspondent of the Tagblatt, says he is inclined to believe the Russians' resistance is no longer offensive, but is made up merely of rear-post combats designed to cover the retirement of the main armies for reorganization back of the middle Vistula. This, he thinks, is particularly the case in Southern Poland and Galicia, where the nature of the terrain behind the Russians is such that time must be gained to permit them to reach the position set for reorganization, even at the risk that the rear-post troops may not be able to come back."

"Despite all this, says Maj. Morath, partial successes by the Russians here and there are possible, since they do not hesitate to sacrifice great numbers of men. No doubt that the Russians have any available fresh troops back of their lines."

The newspaper stampa, at Turin, Italy, reports great defeat for the Poles in Moravia. The Poles lost thirty officers and 1,200 men killed.

The Petrograd correspondent of the London Morning Post reports that Russia has been forced to give up the attempt to take Cracow and must retreat to the inner line of defense on the Warsaw-Vistula front."

Insurance High.

BIG CARGO OF COTTON LEAVES FOR GERMANY.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

ALVESTON (Tex.) Dec. 25.—The first cargo to Germany from the Port of Galveston since the European war began, departed today for Bremen on the American steamship Pathfinder. The cargo is 6550 bales, valued by the shippers at \$45,000. Capt. Royle of the Pathfinder "carries in addition to his other papers, an oath from the agents that the cargo is entirely of cotton."

Commentary.

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUES FROM THE GREAT WAR.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

MSTERDAM (Holland) Dec. 25.—(Via London)—An official communication issued by the German army headquarters under date of December 25 says:

"In Flanders yesterday things were generally quiet."

"To the east of St. Hubert a further portion of the British entrenchments were taken."

"Near Chiv, to the northeast of Vally, our troops surprised a hostile company which had taken up a position in front of ours, and captured 172 Frenchmen. In attempting to recapture this position the enemy suffered."

"French attacks near Souain and Perthes, as well as minor attacks to the northwest of Verdun and west of Arment, were repulsed."

"In the eastern theater of the war the situation was unchanged."

FROM PARIS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The following official communication was issued by the War Office tonight:

"Eight progress has been made in front of Nieuport. Towards Notre Dame de Lorette, north of Lille, an attack by the enemy has been repulsed."

"This morning we captured another trench near Puislassen and we have been able to hold it notwithstanding several counter-attacks."

"Last night the enemy made a vigorous attack on La Tete de Fau in the Vosges, but without success."

The following official statement was issued this afternoon:

"In the night there has been intermittent artillery battles."

"From the Lys to the Oise on the evening of December 23 we gained the fork of the roads from Loo to Histoire and from Loo to Arment. To the northeast of Arment we took possession of a portion of the village of La Boussole, situated to the southwest of the church, and of an advance trench to the south of that village."

"To the north from Roye to Lihou, near Lihou we also have made some progress. These various attacks undertaken with great spirit have everywhere cleared the ground already gained."

STEAMER CAMINO AT THE CANAL.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The steamer Camino, which sailed from San Francisco on December 5 with a cargo of food and clothing for the relief of the destitute people in Belgium arrived at Balboa today. The Camino will pass through the canal tomorrow on her way to Rotterdam.

TURK SUCCESSES IN CAUCASUS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Dec. 25.—A dispatch from the Telegram Company from America gives the text of an official communication published in Constantinople on the operations of the Turkish army on the Caucasian front as follows:

"Between Oti and Id, our troops gained a decisive victory. The battle was continued with great tenacity. We have driven the enemy from the fragments of trenches which he occupied and are now masters of all his first line of defense, up to December 22. To the north of Supignel, near Berry au Bac, notably, a slight advance of our troops has been followed by a strong counter-attack which completely failed."

"In the region of Perthes and Massille-Huris our progress of previous days has been followed up and strengthened. To the north of Massille we have driven the enemy from the fragments of trenches which he occupied and are now masters of

"In the Argonne, in the forest of La Grange at Bagatelle, Fontaine Madame and St. Hubert we have repulsed five attacks and strengthened our front. Between the Argonne and the Meuse in spite of the snow and the fog we have made progress on the Boulleville-Vauquois front."

"In the region of Oisy and the for-

Belgians Preparing Dinner on a Captured German Kitchen.



Better than no meal at all.

These Belgian soldiers are just partaking of a hot meal from a traveling kitchen captured from the Germans. The stew is being ladled into small tin cans. All the men belong to the artillery; they are wearing the red cap with the small tassel in front. The man in the center has blue-gray trousers with broad white bands. The flasks are cloth covered, with aluminum fittings. The Belgian special ration carried by the men is contained in a little aluminum box.

Diplomatic Analysis.

FRANCE IS SEEKING PEACE FOR AUSTRIA, SAYS DUMBA.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

ASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Dr. Constantin Dumba, issued a statement today denying as absolutely unfounded published reports that Austria-Hungary is tired of the war or has made unofficial peace overtures to the allies. The statement said:

"On the right bank of the Meuse the Germans have bombarded the south corner of the forest of Convene, where we are established. In the forest of Ailly and Arment our artillery has forced the enemy to evacuate several trenches."

"In the Lower Vosges we have advanced to within 200 meters of Clery on the Vesoue River."

"In Russia, on the left bank of the Vistula, the Germans have been hurled back from one of the positions which they occupied in the right bank of the Lower Bure, and they have been forced at another point. They are continuing their attacks on Sochasew and are trying to debouch from Bolewo. To the east of Skiermieski their night attack was repelled with heavy losses to them. They have launched several fruitless attacks to the west of the river Rawka and are vigorously resisting the Russian offensive on the north bank of the Pisan."

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At the Country Clubs.

JERGENS WINS SHOREHAM TROPHY AT SAN GABRIEL

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES.

Goodall of Duluth strengthens Golf Team—Men and Cornett Tie for First Place at Annandale French Distinguishes Himself—Few Play at Los Angeles Country Club.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

THE very handsome trophy which

Mr. Brodie put up, known as the Shoreham trophy, was won by A. T. Jergens with flying colors. Those two persistent prize annexes, Bill Bacon and George Cline, were a long, long way from glory—they did not cut any sort of a dash in yesterday's Christmas events at the San Gabriel Country Club—and variety is the spice of life.

The competition for the Shoreham trophy was a tombstone tournament and A. T. Jergens, who has hitherto earned the reputation of being the most consistent of players, finished his nine strokes neatly in the eighteenth hole. There was grace and finesse about the whole achievement, and the fact that Jergens is "settling down to his game" is a matter of congratulation for San Gabriel, for that team is surely in need of somebody to lead it.

His allowance was 86 strokes—73

par and 8 handicap. We observed that Jergens plays consistently with his right hand now—less than a year ago he was first one hand and then the other, but rarely hit his head then. It wasn't any justification for ambi-dexterity, either. True, he won various team matches for his club, but generally under stress of dire adversity when the odds were terribly against him and he had to keep his cool.

Cline, who gets a 2 handicap, finished ere he reached the seventeenth and Bill Bacon was still further away. It would have been rather disconcerting if Bacon had won the trophy, for he plays exclusively on 18-hole courses and the trophy was a spirit decanter with glasses complete, so magnificent that it positively had to be shown in a prominent position on the domestic sideboard. It will prove no difficulty to the proud owner.

Jergens also figures in the semi-finals for the Fowler cup, a serial event that concludes next week. He will play the winner of the George Cline and A. M. Drake match. The other semi-finalists are Bill Bacon and J. E. H. Alden. The final match will be settled this week-end.

AN INTERESTING NEWCOMER.

The other Christmas event at San Gabriel was match play against a team which was won by a new member, R. T. Goodall from Duluth, with 1 down. Mr. Goodall promises to be an acquisition to the club and his skill will be a decided asset to his contingent that needed recruits.

Three players tied for second place in class A with 5 down—but there was, alas, no tangible reward. And considerably more than three participants were Bill Bacon, George Cline and Frank Dillon, it doesn't matter for they have all had their share of prizes in the past.

Dr. E. C. Stoner was the winner of class B, with 4 up. He is a 12-handicap man who plays a steady game and is expected to improve it for the honor of his club. H. M. C. Adler won second prize in this class.

F. B. Haynes won the first prize in class C. He finished even, and, considering his handicap, he is a handicapper, this calls for congratulations to the handicapper. There were three ties for second place with 1 down—W. L. Stewart, F. W. Black and T. O'Dowell, all long-handicap men, who showed commendable improvement.

And no less than three of these winners, such is the inspiration of success, have donated cups for future events. Mr. Adler, Mr. Stewart and Mr. O'Dowell.

AT ANNANDALE.

N. P. Mears, one of their stars, and Forrest Cornett, one of their stars, were tied for second place in the Christmas medal play with a net 72. Mears had a gross 74 in his best set, which augurs well for the team, and young Forrest Cornett an 86, which insures his handicap being reduced again at no late date. They will play off this Saturday, as a cup hangs on the balance.

A. A. French really distinguished himself, however, for he had a 78 in spite of a truly disastrous 11 at the fourteenth—a par. He went out 24 and hit a ball that did not roll at all, but he struck a snag at that fatal fourteenth and thereafter confusion worse confounded. But the fact that he finished in 78 is enough evidence of a very non-Frenchy acquaintancy. Time was when the first

game was one of the evenings. The Umpire Tiger Duffy, who was with the men, was won over by the shattering of a brace of his handkerchiefs, both morning and evening, by a choir under the direction of J. V. Vines, with Mrs. Vines at organ. Rev. J. D. Habbrick will give a Christmas sermon at each

San Pedro Sample Shoe Batteries—Smith and Markham and Sloan.

SAWYER SIGNS UP WITH DES MOINES.

FRANK ISABELL LIKES HIS FORMER ANGEL WHO WILL PLAY SEVEN.

RELIGIOUS BRIEFS.

Carly Sawyer, former leader later with the French club, hitched up to a contract with Isobel, president of the First Christian Church in Los Angeles.

Isobel observed Sawyer in action recently, and was visibly impressed by his work.

Sawyer was with the Los Angeles club in the fall of 1913, and his selection, Dr. Brougher's, will be "The Three

The Companions Needed to be to our year re

service by the

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service

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

In Theater Lobby.

While in a crowded lobby of a Broadway theater early last evening, Samuel Rosenberg, No. 1461 West Washington street, was "touched" for \$115.

Westlake Concert Tomorrow.

The following programme will be given in Westlake Park tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock by Prof. Miller and his band: "March," "King Cotton" (from "The Red Poppy"); "Song from the Comedy, "Miss Dollie Doolie" (V. Herbert); overture, "Stradella" (Flotow); intermission, intermezzo, "The Gondolier" (Puccini); selection to the memory of the late King of Italy; "Venezia," from the French opera, "Adèle" (Philip); intermission, "Semper Fidelis" (Sousa); idyl, "Traum der Seerinner" (A. Libitsky); "American Patrol" (Meacham).

TOURNAMENT BALL
FINAL FESTIVITY.PATRONESSES NAMED FOR SO-
CIAL FUNCTION AT PASADENA
NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

A culmination of the day's festivities on New Year's Day in Pasadena will be the "Rose Tournament Ball" to be given at the Hotel Maryland. Already 2000 invitations have been issued, and once again on the threshold of a new year, Pasadena will be host to the elite of the eastern cities and to its sister cities of Southern California.

ANCIENT INDIAN DENTISTS.

Evidence found that they were experts in the insertion of inlays of Stones and Crowns of Gold.

That the art of filling teeth with foreign substances was known to various aboriginal tribes of the Americas hundreds of years before the Columbian era, perhaps even 100 years ago, has been shown to archaeologists for some time. Dr. Marshall H. Saville is quoted in the Pan-American Bulletin:

"Another custom which we found among the Indians, which, so far as we are aware, is not present in any other part of South America, is the decoration of the teeth by the insertion of inlays in small performances cut in the enamel of the upper incisors. The custom of decorating the teeth was quite common in various parts of Mexico, where different settings were used. In the Mayan area, as far south as Salvador, the object usually used for the inlays is jadeite. In Mexico, for example in Oaxaca, I have found hematite used; in Vera Cruz, turquoise has been found, and in other parts teeth with settings of rock crystal, onyx, and red coral have been found. We have never heard of this custom in Colombia, or Peru, but in Esmeraldas, in Atacames skulls have been found with tiny disks of gold set into the teeth, and these are found in Mexico and Central America, with the exception of the material."

Last summer Prof. Saville returned from another archaeological trip to South America with numerous valuable specimens, among them being one of unusual interest, described as follows:

OUR UNDEFENDED BORDER.

Absence of Fortresses Along the Canadian Line has Prevented Any Feeling of Distrust.

[Providence Journal:] In the fact that an unguarded frontier of 2000 miles divides this country from Canada there is an interesting point for consideration, the fact as a contemporary suggests, may be a principal reason why peace has been successfully maintained between Great Britain and the United States for 100 years.

When neighbors erect high fences and stone walls between themselves surmounted with barbed wire and broken glass, there is a source of chronic irritation and the evidence of reciprocal dislike and distrust. When fences are replaced instead of individuals, the psychological circumstances are much the same. Frontiers are subtle international necessities and they should be treated delicately and respectfully. When a frontier is permanent, it is a positive and permanent menace on both sides of the line. A reminder that all the frontiers of Europe have long been of the bristling variety is hardly necessary.

On several occasions during the past year, the Canadian government has strained relations between this country and England, but the disarming of the Canadian frontier had disarmed suspicion, and so British-American relations were healthy and misunderstandings could be easily avoided.

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

PERSONALS.

James B. South, cotton dealer of Bowling Green, Ky., is at the Lankershim, accompanied by Mrs. South. Other recent guests at the same hotel were J. C. Good, merchant, and Mrs. Good; San Diego, and Lieut. H. G. Ball, U.S.A.

The holiday guests at the Clark include Judge and Mrs. Lucien Shaw of San Francisco; A. C. Perry, lumber dealer of Toronto; F. W. White, grain dealer of Chicago, and George H. King, banker, and Mrs. King of Chicago.

Some of the interesting guests at the Alexandria are Capt. E. A. Jeunet, U.S.A.; Robert A. Martin, cattle dealer of El Paso; J. S. Kinnard, manufacturer of Dayton, O.; M. P. Brown, tobacco dealer of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wood, tourists from Denver.

C. J. Medbury, land owner of Calexico, was a recent guest at the Stowell and also W. W. Wind, cattle dealer of Douglas; O. L. Phillips, rancher of Las Vegas, N. M., and H. W. Norton, lumber dealer of San Francisco.

CAR MEN ROBBED.

"I Don't Want to Kill You, so Give Me What You Got," Invitation of Bandit.

A young foreigner, masked and wearing a light overcoat and a beret had robbed the crew of car No. 296 of the Temple-street extension line at the terminus on Normandie avenue, late last night.

"Now, I don't want to kill you boys," he said, "give me what you got."

Conductor W. E. Cunningham handed over \$15 and a watch and Mortorman E. B. Webb contributed \$15.

Detectors and deputy sheriffs in automobiles went to seek the robber.

ANCIENT INDIAN DENTISTS.

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"Another custom which we found among the Indians, which, so far as we are aware, is not present in any other part of South America, is the decoration of the teeth by the insertion of inlays in small performances cut in the enamel of the upper incisors. The custom of decorating the teeth was quite common in various parts of Mexico, where different settings were used. In the Mayan area, as far south as Salvador, the object usually used for the inlays is jadeite. In Mexico, for example in Oaxaca, I have found hematite used; in Vera Cruz, turquoise has been found, and in other parts teeth with settings of rock crystal, onyx, and red coral have been found. We have never heard of this custom in Colombia, or Peru, but in Esmeraldas, in Atacames skulls have been found with tiny disks of gold set into the teeth, and these are found in Mexico and Central America, with the exception of the material."

Last summer Prof. Saville returned from another archaeological trip to South America with numerous valuable specimens, among them being one of unusual interest, described as follows:

"A Cholo, one of the natives of Atacames in the province of Esmeraldas, was found with a skull in a burial tube. The skull was found with the teeth inlaid with gold. The two upper middle teeth are decorated by the insertion of thin gold disks in the upper dentine, in white enamel of the face of the teeth. An unusual dental find, in addition to the decoration, is found in the right middle tooth. This is not a right middle incisor, but right upper incisor, which does not belong to the middle incisor. This is such an extraordinary feature that we must weigh very carefully the evidence to it having been found in the jaw. Indeed, there is no reason to doubt that the replacement is a genuine triumph of the ancient dentists of Atacames."

Another skull showed teeth that had been "re-browned" with gold, the enamel having been skillfully removed down to the dentine and the teeth being in a perfect state of preservation. So much for the Indian dentists of 1000 years ago.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.
(Advertising.)

For quick action drop answers to Times "liners" in Times' liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times' "liner" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street, Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel
Garments of Style, Quality and Lowest Prices.
Myer Siegel & Co.
443-445-447 South Broadway

Special On Sale Today

Choice of about 400 garments,
including for women,
small women
and misses.

Dresses,
Coats &
Suits

\$10.00
(Second Floor)

heretofore \$19.50 to \$25.00, at

Special
On Sale
Blouses

An unusual collection in Lingerie new models, \$2.95
also Silk Blouses. Heretofore \$6.00 to \$7.50
for Saturday, choice at

(Main Floor)

Girls' School Clothes

At Special Reductions in Prices
including

Coats, Dresses, Hats
(Third Floor)

Garments of Style, Quality and Lowest Prices.
The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

25% Off

On All Small Leather Goods

Beginning Now

INDESTRUCTO
LUGGAGE SHOP

224 West Fifth

VICENTE TERRACE—Cream of Beach Property. See Sole Agents.
SCHADER-WELLS, Yellow and Black Office, 1808 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal.

Goodyear's, Exclusive Coat House for Men and Women. Coats for all Occasions.
324 S. Broadway

\$10 WATCHES

Montgomery Bros.,
Jewelers.
4th & Broadway.

Permitize

What is that? Read the editorial section Sunday's Times, December 27th, for the answer!

Pioneer Roofing
MADE, LAID AND REPAIRED
OVERS California
BY PIONEER PAPER CO. 247-251 S. LA. 587

Pacific Coast Casualty Company

BRANCH HOME OFFICE:
Van Nuys Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
F. H. FINNEN, Manager.

Phone Main 1913

PACIFIC FACTORY-MADE
HOUSES
Coat, substantial, attractive,
durable, insulating.
Guaranteed lifetime.
House guaranteed, Get folder.
Phone: Main 858-2100.
Branch: 840.

Myers Land Company
HILLANDALE TRACT
in the Garvanza Highlands on Eagle Rock Av.—at Los Angeles city limits. Lots \$350 to \$750. Easy terms. After all there is no better investment than good Los Angeles real estate, and now is the time to buy.

108 SOUTH AVENUE 64

REED & HAMMOND
Broadway
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A hat from Spier is worth the price you pay for it.

Spier
Third Street at Hill.

Merck Reynolds
Objects d'art, fine prints,
unusual books.
841 Broadway

A. GREENE & SON, INC.
Exclusive Ladies' Tailors.
Now occupying new location.
745 SOUTH BROADWAY
FIFTH FLOOR
San Diego Branch, 131 Sixth St.

ASTHMA
I cured my ASTHMA with THIRIKA, and you can cure yours with the same. I solicit the worst cases. Full test of this new antitoxic free. 427 UNION LEAGUE BLDG., 2nd and Hill Sts.

QUICK MEAL STOVES
The gas cook stove that simplifies cooking. Ask the cook!
Cass-Smurr-Damerel Co.
412 S. Broadway.

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I cured my ASTHMA with THIRIKA, and you can cure yours with the same. I solicit the worst cases. Full test of this new antitoxic free. 427 UNION LEAGUE BLDG., 2nd and Hill Sts.

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PLAY SANTA TO SIX THOUSAND.

Shriners Give Food, Clothes, Fuel, Cheer.

Requests for Aid More than Ever Before.

Larger Fund than Usual to Meet Demand.

The Shriner Santa Claus yesterday finished his good work of taking substantial Christmas happiness to about 6000 persons in Los Angeles. The calls for assistance made to the Shriners were more numerous this season than ever before and fortunately there was a larger fund than usual to meet the increased demands.

"The situation was unique this year," said Motley H. Flint, chairman of the Shriner Christmas Committee, yesterday. "We had more calls than usual and more money than usual to meet them. The donations of merchandise were record破例, and the fund realized from the charity ball was unusually large. We derived \$6000 from this source this year against \$4000 last year."

The good work done by the Shriners was conducted from two headquarters—No. 749 South Spring street and No. 711 Jackson avenue. The cases of Mexicans and foreigners were handled from the latter depot. Assistance was given to 1200 cases, of which 1000 were Mexicans and other foreigners and the rest Americans. The Shriners employed an effective and speedy method for passing on the worthiness of applicants.

Following is a summary of the important work accomplished by the Shriners: Six thousand dollars in cash expended; one carload of potatoes distributed to 600 families; \$600 dinner baskets with food for a family distributed; 1170 bundles of clothing, toys and articles given away; rents paid for eighteen families.

Seven beds and forty-five mattresses were given out and also the following: Seven hundred pairs of shoes for men, women and children; 100 pairs of hats for men, women and children; 100 overcoats and cloaks; 200 suits of clothing for men; 200 dresses for women and girls; and 200 sweaters.

Orders for food or fuel were issued to 200 persons. The orders for groceries were \$2,500. Orders for fuel were for one or two sacks.

The Shriners performed these other good services: Seventy-five orphans were taken to homes where they enjoyed Christmas dinner and presents; gift baskets were distributed where they were needed; tools were supplied to six men with families to support; bicycles were given to four boys who are assisting in supporting families.

In directing the work, Mr. Flint was assisted by Mrs. Annie R. Merrill, his secretary, and Mrs. C. A. Eichhorn, a charity expert. The latter had charge of the South Spring street headquarters.

IN THE JAILS.

PLENTY OF GOOD CHEER.

Yuletide greetings were exchanged over a bountiful table at the City Jail yesterday. The spirit of Christmas was evident in spite of the fact that the 222 persons who were guests are prisoners of the city. Unusual preparations were made for the dinner and the tables were set in the jail yard, where the inmates had been on forced diet for the last week.

Arrangements had been made to feed a much larger crowd, and the dinner was of the best—turkey, cranberries, mince pie, pumpkin pie and an abundance of other delicacies.

"Don't worry, I sure'll find some charitable heart before the day's over to give me a bite. And maybe I'll get a real feed yet. It's again the spirit of the season to be gloomy or grouchy, and I'm gonna do my best that wants to give Old Red a feed."

"You've found someone, you merry old rascal," said Mr. Woolley, and they went away together to the nearest cafe.

One Man's Too Late.

(Continued from First Page.)

faces; others with the olive-tinted checks and hair of raven blackness. There were Russians, Slavonians, Italians, Americans and Mexicans. The Mexican children resembled many madres who by the time had known many who evinced almost as much eagerness as did their offspring.

The affair was the annual Christmas entertainment of the Christian Missions and Industrial Association, given for 600 children of poor families with whom the mission work has come in contact.

The programme was in charge of Rev. Russell F. Thrappe, president of the Christian Federation. After the opening hymn, Rev. George L. D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church of Alhambra, made the invocation.

Then followed songs by Prof. A. L. Miller, of the Y.M.C.A., with his accompaniment; a reading, "The Dark Preacher from the South," by George McAllister, and a Christmas address by Rev. Edward Campbell, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

The First Presbyterian Church opportunity arrived at the juncture, and the wildest confusion prevailed among the little folk. He was introduced by Chairman Thrappe and immediately began his distribution of gifts. There were Christmas remembrances for every one present.

OUTDOOR DOINGS.

AT SLAUSON PLAYGROUND.

An outdoor programme was provided by the Municipal Playground Commission for the Slauson public playground yesterday afternoon. It attracted a large crowd. The weather for an outdoor affair was ideal and the programme was varied and interesting.

The girls of the playground gave the Christmas tree dance. Rev. G. Davis delivered an address, and James Shedd sang a yuletide solo.

One of the features was the folk dancing, which was given by the Simonson Mothers' Club. The senior symphony class showed their skill in feats of tumbling, and there was music by the instrumental quartette. Mrs. W. Gould gave a reading on "The Meaning of Christmas."

Money in Bank
The Best Gift

Open savings accounts for members of your family. This is the best sort of gift to give. Encourage thrift by inducing them to accumulate money.

Instruct them in the value of an interest earning savings fund. Show them safety first—a Home Savings Term Account.

Home Savings Bank
8th & Broadway
American Branch
Open Night and Day
2nd & Spring Sta.

Legal Notice

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Los Angeles, Calif., December 28, 1914.

To the Stockholders of Los Angeles Investment Company:

TAKE NOTICE that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los Angeles Investment Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 756 South Broadway, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, for the purpose of electing the directors and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

The cheap restaurants in the neighborhood were doing a good business, showing that men had sufficient money to pay for the low-priced meal and preferred doing that to eating from the hand of charity.

GIFTS FOR ALL.

SANTA AMIDST ROSES.

Santa Claus standing amidst a veritable bower of roses, palms and ferns and distributing his gifts was the Southwest interpretation of Christmas, given at Blanchard Hall yesterday afternoon. No hint of snow or icy blasts here, except the regulation uniform of Santa Claus.

Three Christmas trees graced the stage. From the top of the ornate tree of the stage, and the base of the trees and of the platform was smothered with a profusion of roses and ferns, while the background was formed with pointed palms and ferns.

But the ornament of the house is the guest thereof, says an old-timer. "So it was yesterday. In the body of the room, the body of the house, were dabs of eager and expectant little folk—some fair-haired and with the tint of peaches and cream in their

TURKEYS FOR HUNDREDS.

NAZARENE MISSION'S SPREAD.

Feeding the hungry with a bounteous turkey dinner, and cheering their sense with Christmas carols and hymns was the programme at the Nazarene Mission. Nos. 20-22 East Spring street.

The turkey dinner began at 11 o'clock and lasted until well into the latter part of the afternoon. More than 600 persons were fed at this meal and generously filled baskets of Christmas good were sent out to needy households.

The affair was in charge of John F. Sanders, superintendent of the mission. He was ably assisted by deacons of the Nazarene Church, and by persons who are converts of the mission during its sixteen months of existence.

The spread was typical of the Christmas season. There were heaping platters of roast turkey, and there were also ham, bacon, beans, fruits and cakes and pies and coffee.

During the serving of the dinner a choir sang Christmas carols and hymns, and last evening the tables were cleared away and a spirited evangelistic service was held.

Vivid impressions of a clever Los Angeles girl on the gladness and color of San Francisco's exposition are related in the Midwinter number of The Times, out January 1.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Hotel Lankershim
New Dining Room.

The new management of the Hotel Lankershim announces the opening on Christmas Day of the new dining room and grill under the direction of the celebrated caterer R. B. Loibl, formerly of the Waldorf-Astoria, Tournane, and New Willard Hotel and other hotels celebrated for their cuisine.

The chef is E. P. Leitholt who came to this country as private chef to Prince Henry. Afterwards was chef to the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. He has a new kitchen over which to preside, fitted up at the cost of thousands of dollars—and up-to-date in equipment in Southern California.

The Lankershim intends to serve in its dining room and grill the very best this excellent market affords and at reasonable rates.

The motto of the new management will be:

"The Los Angeles Hotel of comfort and service."

HOTEL LANKERSHIM

J. B. Lankershim,
Proprietor.Wm. R. Flood,
Manager.

NEW YEAR'S EXCURSIONS

Between All Points
ON SALE

Dec. 28th to 31st, including Jan. 1st.

RETURN LIMIT

January 4th, 1915.

Some Fares

from Los Angeles:

San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley.....	\$18.60
Del Monte.....	15.20
Santa Cruz.....	15.90
Paso Robles.....	10.35
Santa Barbara.....	4.20
Sacramento.....	17.80
Fresno.....	11.00
Phoenix.....	23.10

Southern Pacific

FIRST IN SAFETY

THE ROAD OF SAFETY AND EFFICIENCY

GO SOMEWHERE
ON
Holiday Excursions

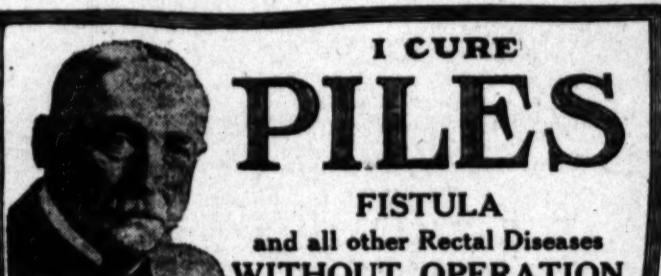
Salt Lake Route agents will sell tickets on Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31, and January 1st, to all stations in California and Nevada and to Goldfield, etc., also to points on other lines at

Greatly Reduced Fares for Round Trip

All good for return until Jan. 4th (Jan. 5th to Goldfield, etc.)

Good time to visit your friends or enjoy the sights and attractions of the big city of Los Angeles. Particulars at ticket offices

SALT LAKE ROUTE

I CURE
PILES
FISTULA
and all other Rectal Diseases
WITHOUT OPERATION

I TREAT NO DISEASES EXCEPT THOSE OF THE RECTUM AND BOWELA.

I cure without surgery. My patients are not confined in bed and they do not lose a moment of time from their work.

My method is not a "home cure" or a "cure-and-treatment," but it is an application of skilled treatments administered under the most rigid antiseptic conditions in my office.

I take pleasure in heartily commanding the man and his methods.

WESLEY E. MOSES, M.D., 1225 Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SUPERINTENDENT CURED.

My Dear Dr. White: I am thankful for the privilage of bearing witness to your treatment of my son, Wesley E. Moses, M.D., 1225 Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Your treatment is such that no one need fear, as no knife operation is employed. It will be a pleasure to have you refer anyone to me, and I will never be too busy to answer an inquiry.

F. A. HARRINGTON, 1355 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

STEEL MILL SUPERINTENDENT CURED.

Esteemed Doctor: I cannot refrain from congratulating you and myself on the complete cure of hemorrhoids, from which I had been afflicted for more than two years.

Your treatment is such that no one need fear, as no knife operation is employed.

It will be a pleasure to have you refer anyone to me, and I will never be too busy to answer an inquiry.

E. J. MOSES, San Fran. 1225 Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

F. A. HARRINGTON, 1355 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

WELL-KNOWN PRINTERS CURED.

I cannot refrain from congratulating you and myself on the complete cure of hemorrhoids, from which I had been afflicted for more than two years.

Your treatment is such that no one need fear, as no knife operation is employed.

It will be a pleasure to have you refer anyone to me, and I will never be too busy to answer an inquiry.

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Colleges.

School

NOT PIGS
BUT GUINEAS.

MEAT IS SERVED AT
SURPRISE DINNER.

boys, 16th and West
accredited,) Gram-
Detail. Large Cam-
paign. Goodman, M.A., Prin-

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OL FOR GIRLS

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work. Boys admitted to
the division of students
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graduates. Mrs. Mary
M. Aldrich, Director.

R GIRLS Over Four

W. W. Burns, Frank Hauser, Mayor of Rowansburg, a mythical town, and Pete Densel, the "town's" Chief of Police, enjoying a Guinea-pig feast at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. A. Aldrich, the club's chef, is pouring the wine.

Pigs is pigs, but guineas are a regular delicacy.

Prominent clubmen turning down turkey, ducks et al. for the varicolored squeakers yesterday. From left to right.

W. W. Burns, Frank Hauser, Mayor of Rowansburg, a mythical town, and Pete Densel, the "town's" Chief of Police, enjoying a Guinea-pig feast at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. A. Aldrich, the club's chef, is pouring the wine.

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CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

Briefly, but convincingly, the history
of Imperial Valley was told to Con-
gressmen who learned for the first
time how rich an empire has been
built up in the southwestern desert.

It was shown that from the once for-
bidding sands more than \$15,000,000annually is being produced, that val-
ues are greater than anywhere else on earth.

The California delegates explained

why a value of more than \$60,000,000

has been created in a few years and
gave figures to prove that the develop-
ment of Imperial Valley has only just
begun and that its future greatness

as an agricultural empire will make it

one of the greatest producing assets in
the country.

They described the value of water

and the number of its deliverers from
the Colorado River. The treacherous

nature of the river and the danger of

flooding its course were gone into fully.

Chairman Fitzgerald took the position

that the time to meet a calamity is when the calamity comes.

Under the guidance of Miss Edith

Saylor they were escorted to the fourth

floor of the building to one of the

classrooms. There a speech was given

and the lights in the building were

extinguished, and the party marched

to the assembly-room on the seventh

floor, singing as they climbed the

three flights of stairs. The songs were

Christmas carols, mostly those

of the miners. After the

procession reached the assembly-room

the lights were not released for fifteen

minutes. During that time the carolers

continued to sing with the individual

carolers taking the only light.

By the direction of Miss Saylor

Wilson, the merrymakers were blind-

folded and all engaged in attempting

to put a parcel in the sack.

The person putting the parcel in the sack

was the least trouble, and given a

prize—a cut glass olive dish. Miss

Hazel Roberts was the winner.

Another prize was given Mrs. Julia

Tilman for guessing the old tunes

played on a piano by Miss George

Hart.

The impromptu play was called

"The Smiths' Christmas" and was

under the stage management of Miss

Lillian Sayre.

Others in the cast, selected from

the audience, and costumed in

a few cases, and covered in unusual

costumes, were Miss Viola Campbell,

Mrs. Mabel Chilberg, Miss Elizabeth

Cosby Johnson, who took part in the

composition of the play, and Mrs. Ida

Newton, Miss Mary Kitchell, Eddie

Hoge, and Miss Irene Melley.

The spectators wrote a synopsis of each

of the five acts, and the one having the

most concise account, Mrs. Helen

Norman, was given a prize.

The Smiths' Christmas" was an

improvised play and was a success.

Later refreshments were served,

and some minor presents on a Christ-

mas tree were distributed. It was the

largest of the annual parties held by

the association. Much of the credit

for the success is given to the mem-

bers of the Hornsby Club, one of the minor

organizations of the association.

ENCOURAGING VERDICT.

Imperial Valley's needs and the

Colorado River conditions were fully

described at the hearing. At the

close Chairman Fitzgerald told the

delegation that if the Secretary of

the Interior would render a report to

the committee representing the state to

the Interior, he would be favorably

considered. Secretary Lane at once

agreed to make such a report.

The work to be effected should be

completed by the high waters

next summer. To strengthen and

raise the levees, construct a weir and

do some repair work at the intake

would take about two months, so if

the appropriation is made as expected

Imperial Valley, which is situated

in a valley, is safely entrenched

than ever before in its history.

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Los Angeles Times

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LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahng-hayl-ahs)

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THE WORLD'S UNREST.
Right now revolt seems imminent in the Philippines. This is not necessarily an indication of special unrest on the part of the natives of those islands. The heart of the world is torn and it is possible that these ignorant people are only reflecting something of that strife which is today the tragedy of many nations.

NO DANGER.
"The only real possibility of a war that I can see," said ex-President Taft in a recent address at Somerville, Mass., "is on the wanton, reckless, wicked willingness on the part of a narrow section of the country to gratify racial prejudice and class hatred by flagrant breach of treaty rights in the form of State law, or by lawless violence. Congress should at once assume authority for the national government to see to it that it cannot be dragged into international difficulties through such blind selfishness, and this step should be quite as effective as improving our military defenses. Indeed, I think it would be more effective to prevent the possibility of war."

Mr. Taft did not name any State in this connection, but he was understood to refer to California. He was probably not aware of the fact that, while the Progressive State ticket was elected last month, it did not carry the whole Legislature and that there are enough Republicans and Democrats in the Senate and Assembly to defeat lunatic legislation.

A NOTHER TRICK.
The shipment at San Francisco on board the Sacramento of a cargo of coal for Valparaiso and its "seizure" in the South Pacific by a German warship was no palatable trick that when, with money supplied by the German Consul, Baron E. H. von Shalk, a cargo of groceries, clothing and ship chandlery was loaded at San Francisco on board the American steamship Olson and Mahony consigned to Valparaiso, clearance for the vessel was refused by the United States customs officers and the cargo was unloaded.

This action was not approved at Washington. The official view, as stated in the press dispatches, is that the German Consul or anyone else has a legal right to purchase supplies for a warship or for any other purpose, and to ship them on a vessel leaving San Francisco, provided that the goods are plainly billed for a neutral foreign port, such as is Valparaiso in this case.

CONFISCATING ENEMY PROPERTY.

When the war broke out there were vast sums of money due from English importers to German exporters, and equally great sums due from German importers to British exporters. Under international law this indebtedness was subject to seizure and confiscation as "enemy property." As stated by Justice Gray in 100 Mass. 561: "The law of nations as judicially declared prohibits all intercourse between citizens of the two belligerents which is inconsistent with the state of war between their countries; this includes any act or contract which tends to increase the resources of an enemy subject, whether by payment of money or delivery of goods."

The United States Supreme Court has held that all contracts between alien enemies.

Great Britain is unwilling to go so far as to relieve her merchants from their financial obligations to Germans incurred before the war or to collect and confiscate the same for their own benefit. A bill to meet the situation is pending in the House of Commons entitled "The Trading With the Enemy Bill." The main provision is the appointment of authority to receive and hold meantime enemy money and property which might otherwise reach hostile states in dividends, shares of profits and interest. There will be no confiscation, the object of the bill being to prevent additions to the resources of hostile countries until the end of the war.

THE SAME BRYAN.

Once more William Jennings Bryan has made known that he hasn't changed. Evidence of the fact that he never changes has been adduced by him from time to time ever since he became, in 1896, the showman of the Democratic party, says the Journal of Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Bryan has issued a statement on the results of the November elections. Like proclamations of other spokesmen for the Wilson administration, it declares that a great Democratic victory was won. In that respect it is not more offensive to public intelligence than the others.

But the Secretary of State has included in his statement a paragraph that is distinctly Bryan-esque. He says:

"Now that the election is over the protected manufacturers are already resuming work."

"Protected manufacturers," indeed! Use of that term at a time when manufacturers (and their workmen) are suffering from loss of protection is evidence of that extreme stupidity which presumes the public to be stupid. That stupidity is also evidenced by the further assertion that manufacturers deliberately ruined their business to produce effect for partisan advantage. Mr. Bryan never knew what business is and he remains as ignorant of it as he ever was.

If Mr. Bryan were in private life a statement from him could be regarded as negligible. But he is President Wilson's Secretary of State. That fact supports the public to be unprepared in health as it is to be a

MILITARISM AND SANITY.
Extremes are never wise. We all know that; we tell it to our friends day after day and tell it with a wise air as though long ago we had learned the lesson of moderation. But few individuals have and few nations have. And in this question of militarism we see nations, not building armies and navies in moderation, but either putting all of their energy and strength into martial forces, or else putting comparatively none of it into preparation. It is sad to make a national fetish of militarism; it is folly to disregard it.

The nations of Europe have gone to one extreme in militarism; the United States is standing almost at the other. We have a trained army of some 90,000 men; we have some 112,000 militiamen who are scarcely to be classed as trained soldiers—they are brave enough, willing enough to die and all that; but it is as much training as heroism that makes efficient soldiers. Considering the wealth and size of this nation, our army is pitifully weak in numbers; we are one of the dominant powers of the world and certainly the dominating power of this hemisphere. We are held by honor to protect our possessions in all parts of the world, and we are bound by the tenor of the Monroe doctrine to protect our neighbors from foreign interference and to maintain order on this side of the world.

And yet every other first-class power has more than a million fighting, trained men. Most of those powers have made their preparations entirely for self-protection; some of them have made their preparations for national aggrandizement. And what would the United States do against the million and more—some of the nations have 5,000,000 and very few have less than 2,000,000—efficiently trained fighting men of some aggressive nation that wantonly forced a war against us? We are brave, it is true. Volunteers would rise up by the millions. But who would equip them? Who would train them? How could they be made ready to stand the shock of the efficient warriors from across the seas, seasoned fighters, armed with every essential equipment and trained—trained—trained!

We do not want a very great standing army. We, as a nation, would not endure a regime of militarism. We are a peaceful, commercial, industrious nation and have no desire to make war on our neighbors. And there's the rub. We do not want our neighbors or those who are not our neighbors to make war on us. We should be prepared. That man is not a bully who keeps himself in training, in good condition, and exercises his muscles. A fellow doesn't need to be a professional pugilist to be able to take care of himself when trouble arises—but he does need to be trained and prepared.

Col. Heistand, adjutant-general of the Central Department of the army, recently called attention to our military unpreparedness in a statement which he issued Thursday. Perhaps he exaggerated slightly, but he said that we, as a nation, have never whipped an enemy worthy of our steel, and that we have been lulled into a false security by the colored reports of school histories. It is true that our histories are very one-sided, being written for popularity more than for accuracy.

And it was significant that on the morning we read Col. Heistand's statement about a Turkish army about to march on the Suez Canal, but then again, we understand this army had marched on the Suez Canal several weeks ago.

The history of her recent diplomacy, as far as it has been published, is very complicated. In the beginning events were obscured by a mysterious sum of \$50,000,000, which is understood Germany was to loan Turkey but of which Germany was officially unaware. This little money question began to be mentioned somewhere about the end of October.

Early in November Yusef Bey, Turkey's Ambassador at Berlin, made a ringing speech in which he said that "the great hour has arrived for settling Islam's account with its oppressors," that "Germany was fighting against a world of envy," and that "Turkey was about to take up a glorious position."

But in spite of this, that \$50,000,000 continued to float in thin air and nothing much happened. Three days later there was a bluster in the Black Sea, when one of two things occurred, according to the witnesses for or against. Either Turkish ships bombarded certain Russian ports, according to the allies, or an unfortunate little misunderstanding resulted in an accident, according to Turkish explanations.

Then something seemed to happen to a little desert town called Akaba on the Red Sea. The English said Turkey did it and promptly blew up the town. Turkey denied the soft impeachment. At this stage Turkey was regarded as being at war on behalf of Germany and the \$50,000,000 was vaguely alluded to as a settled account. That was about November 4.

Whereupon Turkey appeared to graciously retire from the proceedings and subside into an attitude of polite indifference. For the next day the Turkish Prime Minister gave his personal assurance that as far as he knew nothing in the nature of war had occurred as far as Turkey was concerned. When questioned by England about the \$50,000,000 he adopted an attitude of pained surprise and it was generally felt that some dastardly hound had absconded with that nice little haul before ever Turkey got a sight of it.

The Turkish Ambassador to England expressed assurances of good will and declined to leave the capital. And within an hour or so Constantinople, which is really all there is of concrete Turkey, proclaimed a holy war, which was intended to inflame all Islam—meaning British India, Persia, Tripoli, etc., as well as the Turkish Empire, against—well, of course, not Christians, but against certain loose bits of Christianity that happened to belong to England. At the same time she gave some polite assurances to Italy that the holy war would not extend into Tripoli, where Islam was prepared to be mildly indulgent to the Christian dogs.

The holy war didn't mature on the prescribed lines, so Germany made some protests to her recalcitrant friend. Doubtless whether the correct signals had been given, feared the holy war was a despicable bluff. In the end Turkey, who has tried so hard to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds, is likely to please neither her friends nor her enemies. The inevitable fate of the fatal compromiser.

Maranville, the Boston shortstop, to whom the Federals have offered a contract of \$10,000 a year for three seasons, was playing in the back lots of Springfield, Mass., a few years ago. Don't say this is not a land of opportunity.

Los Angeles Daily Times.

DECEMBER 26, 1914. [PART] SATURDAY MORNING.

"Well, Here Goes!"



ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

So it is officially announced that the women of England are to be drilled and armed for self-defense in the case of a German invasion.

For some time we have heard of the numerous women's rifle clubs that have been brought into being all over Great Britain and of the thousands of women that were flocking to them, but somehow it never sounded very real. We regarded it as a sort of game, a rather unmanly form of sport.

Even the personal letters from our English women friends, wherein they told of their personal prowess with the rifle and the moving target, failed to convince us of the seriousness of the situation. We thought it all very far-fetched and remote.

But with the latest news of a real bombardment of the British coast by the Germans, now it all begins to assume reality. These women must really be called upon to take life as well as to give it, to save it. The Lord Mayor of London himself has called them to arms and is forming them into battalions. Colonels and officers of all kinds are actually being appointed, and a serviceable uniform designed!

One does not know whether to laugh or to cry. It is so grotesque, so funny, so sensible, so logical, so appalling.

Purely for self-defense. That is what they say now. Germany's fleet was purely for the defense of her growing commerce. Belgium's army was purely for the defense of her neutrality. But there is such a fine line between defense and offense and it is unlikely that a nation in extremity would forgo the use of a strong arm of military offense. For that it will give the military efficiency there is not the slightest doubt. The endurance and ability of the English women have been proven time and again. They will fight and they will fight with subtle cunning. They will fight to the death. Women are tremendous gamblers; they will take astonishing risks. A nation of Joan of Arc's, a nation of Boadicea, a nation of Amazons—the army that attempts to invade them would be up against the most hideous experience in the warfare of the world.

Given the extraordinary instincts of woman, combined with the accepted abeyance of the ethics of international warfare and the horrible scientific, murderous efficiency of modern weapons, an army of women fighters is unthinkable in its horrors. What man born laboriously women just know by instinct. When the diabolical cunning of the social leader is added to the weapons of modern warfare there can be no more terrifying foe.

With all its scientific and murderous excellence this is the most petty and unspontaneous war on record. Women have long been accused of lack of the sporting instinct—and now they will come into their own. This war should be their war if they are to live up to their reputations.

Warfare nowadays is not a question of long, arduous marches, of singlehanded combat, or straightforward, individual skill and courage. It is a question of sly, feline surprises, of bomb-throwing upon unarmed citizens, of hidden mines, lurking submachine guns, spikes, signal masquerades under Red Cross flags, of deceit, of stab in the back. Well, the world has been the recognized weapons of the weak through the ages, and women have had centuries in which to become adepts in the arts.

If they can combine those weapons of the weak with their later acquired strength—for the average Englishwoman is an athlete—then God help their enemy. Then, indeed, will he acknowledge that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

But it is a terrible experience the first time one takes life. Have you ever killed a living thing larger than a fly, sister? When I was in Africa they taught me to shoot. Then one dreadful day I tried my skill on a living target. After much excitement and enthusiastic striving, and much wasted shot, I brought down a little bird. The exaltation is extraordinary, but, oh, the horrible realization of feeling when one sees the warm, quivering, little body lying on the ground.

It haunts one for weeks afterwards. I imagine women like to wound, but not to kill. A gory wound that will heal—we can take a fiendish delight in that if he deserved it. But a corpse—that is going a shade too far.

But women soon get hardened to blood.

Farmers' wives kill chickens without the slightest semblance of feeling, when many a city man would recoil in horror.

And the women doctors. They have a reputation for becoming curiously callous in less than no time; the end with them always justifies the means. It is much easier to get sympathy from a man than a woman in many cases. Women are rarely prepared to give their enemies any quarter. There is no fate too bad for a woman—or her especially if he has held her cheap.

And this new army of warrior women is sure to be held cheap by an enemy in this war. "A contemptible female army" one can hear the enemy say. For traditions die hard.

Lord Kitchener has sanctioned this woman's army. Lord Kitchener does not despise women as much as he fears them. He knows.

USE FOR THE WHEAT MONEY.

The Kansas Farmers Will Clean Up Old Accounts and Put Themselves on a Better Financial Footing.

THE WASHINGTON POST: "Almost everyone who makes a living in the East wants to know what the farmers are going to do with the \$100,000,000 or more that they will receive for their wheat crop this year," said H. A. Selden of Topeka at the Raleigh.

"They will find plenty of ways to spend it. In the first place, the farmers will pay out more than \$25,000,000 in taking up notes at the banks. Most farmers have had to borrow money for harvest expenses, and it is estimated that it will cost \$15,000,000 for this item alone. A conservative estimate will place the amount of other notes due by the farmers at \$10,000,000. The farmers have stretched their credit to the limit in most instances.

"Then they will have to pay out another \$25,000,000 to square accounts with their local merchants. This money will not remain in the hands of the merchants, but in turn will be paid out to the wholesalers, who will then pay it to the manufacturers, to be paid later to the bankers. All this exchange will relieve the situation.

"Perhaps another \$25,000 will be used in lifting mortgages due and undue, for the farmers, when they get money, like to pay their obligations. Ten million dollars will be expended in the purchase of automobiles. There are probably 40,000 automobiles in Kansas. Last year there were not more than 30,000. If the farmers have purchased 10,000 machines in the off year, it is reasonable to expect that they will buy many when they are prosperous. The \$100,000,000, perhaps \$15,000,000 will go into the banks as a fund for the future."

Pen Points: By the Saturday Morning.

Revenge?

Ladies, allow us to enjoy our cheer.

A fashion report says skirts will be hot this winter. There is where the girl will shine.

It would seem there was hot fire in London just now, so hot at the German.

Some talk of reviving the game in Los Angeles. It is a sport—for the promoters.

Elephants are said to sing hours a day. But they don't say about 4 o'clock last night, according to the police, when he touched the home of W. M. Spann.

What has become of the old man who used to collect his widow's annuity and nearly burn up Anna Davis, the suspect's wife, was arrested by Detectives Winn.

Since the defeat of the prohibition movement to the Constitution, the officers declare they three witnesses who told them Davis apply the match.

Authors are complaining about new current for stories and buy a male of manuscript and buy poor things.

The only known objection to this climate is that it is simply too hot to sit when it is perfectly nice to go to the fly screens.

It seems more apparent every day that the country will be able to stand attending the withdrawal of Vice Davis from the Congress.

Speaking of the wrinkled visage of Anna Davis meant to kill the two have been separated for nearly a year and yesterday morning while white smoke from the cellar brought the house to an end. In an endeavor to save the household furniture, Mrs. Davis severely burned her face.

If the Interstate Commerce Commission rules that railways may pay more in passenger fares about the heart of the country editor will leap for joy.

It is more than possible that Bryan's advocacy of prohibition and suffrage is for publication only. We are out for any wind that blows.

The claim that there is no Santa Claus was no doubt made by the junior member of the family, Marley. Read your Christmas story.

The short session of Congress employed mostly on a platform of sugar plums on the Christmas luck.

A lightning calculator has astonished everybody with his speed in tax law. It is a pity to crack.

The racing is going on and the chances are that Pauline will bring handsome revenue for its owner. She is playing a surer winner in the mutuels.

Italy has a seat in the Senate, having a lot of rooting for the election, much cheaper than going to see the Italy will be throwing a lot of the umpire.

A New York judge has decided to let the fox-trotting age ends at about 100. Has he ever seen the Los Angeles about the breaking out of the shake their feet?

If Gov. Johnson insists on the

Points: By the Staff
ED SPATTERS
ARSON ALIBI
WOMEN SAY THEY SAW
HIM AT WORK.

Party Quarrels with
Wife and is Elected.
Also, Ends Festivities
Early Burns up Woman, Fo-
House Destroyed.

talk of reviving the
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are said to sleep by
day. But they don't stay up
attending a "dansante."

has become of the old-fash-
ion house during this time of
the defeat of the prohibition
the Constitution, the good
Alabama is referred to as Repre-
sentatives.

ers are complaining about the
new current for stories and
tale of manuscript and help
ings.

only known objection to the
is that it is simply im-
possible when it is perfectly safe to put
on screens.

ems more apparent every day
country will be able to stand the
the withdrawal of Vic Mu-
the Congress.

aking of the wrinkled front of
there are Prochovits, Bo-
chini and Vlentich, with other
secret to hear from.

the Interstate Commerce Com-
that railways may for ad-
vantage pass the heart of the
y editor will leap for joy.

more than possible that S.
advocacy of prohibition and
ge in for publication only. He
for any wind that blows.

claim that there is no such
 Claus was no doubt origi-
nator of the firm of S.
They were in-
short session of Congress of
WIFE IN DEATH.

PLANS FOR FUNERAL,
DANCE AND
KILLS HIMSELF.

because for the first time
he could not spend with his wife, who died
William Mohler, a bricklayer,
shot and killed himself
for his funeral.

who resided at No. 809
and was a very pop-
ular attended a dance
He went to an alley
and shot himself
heart. Two days before
his death, Mrs.
that he might die at
He wished to have his
in such an event, so
to the Overholtzer
everything was prepared
death. He asked to
his wife at Ingleside
hears the shot. He
when he reached his side.
not before a police
the Receiving
woman, who attended the
dance with Mr. Mohler,
his death. She also re-
lief left by the dead man.

old Senator Works has his
in this country from
any food, clothing, etc., to
across the seas enacted before
relief ship sails for Belgian
with Hon. Claude Kitchin of
for the championship of California
looking for a "higher-up" why not
man of West Virginia
to be somewhere on the road.

ator-elect Phelan has been
resident Wilson to investi-
against Minister Sullivans
ago, the right bower of Secretary
may cause another revolution
The job will give Phelan an
to recoup some of his re-
sign expenses.

BROTHERS.
we are children of the
fearful, haughty, tearful,
to class or class.
sordid, narrow nations, we
need be or ban.
brothers, we are brothers of
man.

others, we are children of the
step state the millions
die like sheep in shambles
and, need peace again.
others, are we brothers of
men?

tests of air that journey
their death darts through
the fiery furnaces.
the soft ocean billows where
the breakers swell,
on their lips the briny
saying hours of hell.

others, 'tis the motions
parted at the guns, with
a son is struck, with
the world's heart is heavy
others still are brothers of
men.

Robert Loveman in the N.Y.
is to have money for
the Los Angeles
to get away a small
with interest, will
with the Christmas
not be poor family? As
to the same, sixth

Davis colored, of No. 416
broke up a jolly house
the police, when he touched
the home of W. M. Spann
the home of W. M. Spann
reducing the fire to a smoldering
and nearly burning up
the house, the suspect's wife.
Det. Wm. Wm. and locked up on a charge
The officers declare they
witnesses who told them
Davis apply the match.

the fire destroyed a
the scene of many
of which was on February
Death People.
Davis to kill
he set the Spann home
we have been separated
while Spann is in
lived the fight between the
his wife by giving him a
and ejecting him from the
the departure of Davis
spirit of the Yuletide
and were enjoying themselves
when smoke and fire
the cellar brought the
an end. In an endeavor
new furniture. All
burned. It was
to remove her to the Re-
ficial. She was scorched
about the body, but
injury to the
Red Seal Lye
Is the old reliable brand for softening water, making soap,
general disinfecting and cleaning purposes in the homes
and on the ranches.

Full directions in each can. Insist upon and be
sure to get Red Seal Lye and take no other.
P. C. TOMSON & CO., Makers, Phila.

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and were enjoying themselves
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P. C. TOMSON & CO., Makers, Phila.

IT IS THE TASTE, THE FLAVOR OF

BAKER'S COCOA

That Makes It Deservedly Popular

An absolutely pure, delicious and wholesome
food beverage, produced by a scientific blending
of high-grade cocoa beans, subjected to a
perfect mechanical process of manufacture.

Get the genuine, made only by

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

RED SEAL LYE

Is the old reliable brand for softening water, making soap,
general disinfecting and cleaning purposes in the homes
and on the ranches.

Full directions in each can. Insist upon and be
sure to get Red Seal Lye and take no other.

P. C. TOMSON & CO., Makers, Phila.

The Times and Sunset Magazine

To advertise California and its two great Expositions, at San Francisco and San Diego, The Times will allow any subscriber, old or new, to mail Sunset Magazine for six months to any address in the East for 25 cents, an amount only sufficient to pay the postage.

This is an unusual opportunity for the public-spirited citizen of Southern California and the Southwest to do some very effective advertising.

The Times is recognized as a leading power in the work of exploiting reliably and potentially the agricultural, horticultural, mining and commercial and other resources and other possibilities of this, the most promising land between the two seas. Both day and night reports of the Associated Press, special correspondents of its own at the centers of population of America and Europe, and a large force of eminent writers enable The Times to regularly give its readers a larger variety of interesting pen work and greater value for less money than any other newspaper extant.

Sunset Magazine will contain regularly each month a vast amount of highly interesting and instructive information on California and the Expositions; information compiled by noted writers who are interested heart and soul in the welfare of California, and who will put forth their best efforts to make Sunset Magazine productive of splendid results in getting people who live in less favored climes interested in our great State.

Town Date

Gentlemen:—I hereby subscribe for the LOS ANGELES TIMES and Sunset Magazine for a period of six months and will pay on demand the sum of 25 cents in addition to the regular subscription price of THE TIMES, which is to pay the postage charged on the Sunset Magazine. I promise to notify THE TIMES at once should I change my residence.

(New or Old)

Remittance of 25c must accompany this order.

Service to begin

Collect at

Name of Subscriber

Address

For further information call on or write to The Times main or branch office, or any regular Times agent.

The Times-Mirror Company
FIRST AND BROADWAY,

Branch Office: 619 South Spring St. Telephones: Main 8200; 10391.

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses—

—McCall Patterns—

Coulter Dry Goods Co.
Founded in 1878
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch.

American Express Branch.

No merchandise that is in any way inferior or imperfect ever enters Coulter's stocks. We carry only the best grades; consequently when we advertise little lots or odd lines at reductions, you may confidently depend upon the high quality of the merchandise offered, since this is our only outlet for incomplete supplies.

All Remnants of Silks, Colored Dress Goods and Linings at Half Price

And, naturally, the best selection we have had in some time, since these are short ends from those that holiday shoppers purchased of most liberally.

Dress Goods

plain and fancy, in
checks, stripes, plaids and
plain weaves, suitable for
waists, skirts or dresses;

values 50c a yard up.

Linings

—all remnant lengths in
silks, percalines; black
and colors; exactly what
you need for a dozen pur-
poses, all at half.

Silks

—odd pieces, short ends
and remnants of silks, vel-
veteens, velvets, corduroys;
etc.; colors black and fancy
weaves; values 50c and up.

Novelty Brocades and Dress Goods—on display now in a window, are also on special sale
at half price Saturday.

(Silks; Dress Goods; Broadway Annex)

One Hundred Tailored Suits at Half

It is very unlikely that prices will go lower on such very attractive winter
styles in high-class tailored suits. The price range runs all the way from
\$17.50 to \$50! Think what choice and what diversity that must mean!

Waists \$2.95, 3.95 and \$5

An after-Christmas clear-
ance of rich waists at
ridiculously low prices.

At \$2.95—laces and silks;
some of them sold for as
much as \$5.

At \$3.95—crepes de chine,
chiffons and laces; some
previously marked \$7.50.

At \$5.00—crepes de chine,
Georgette crepes, laces
and chiffons, previously
priced up to \$8.50.
Styles are irreproachable;
values unusually good.

(Waists; Second Floor)

Suits of All Sorts

—long, short and short
front, long back coats; skirts
severely plain or cut with a
tunic; with and without
yokes.

—Materials of poplin,
serge, cheviot, Bedford,
broADCLOTHS in all good
shades.

—Many suits fur and
velvet trimmed. Your
choice at Half.

For Stout Women

—A sale of cheviot serge
suits in navy, black and
greens; sizes 43 to 47; were
\$17.50 to \$20, for \$13.75;
were \$25 and \$30, for
\$18.75.

(Suits; Second Floor)



Pretty Hats for Children Much Reduced

Any little child may be becomingly and inexpensively fitted with a trimmed hat here, in this
after-Christmas sale:

Fancy Trimmed Hats—in plush, velvet,
corduroy, moire and corded silk; brown,
black, Copen, white; trimmed with laces,
ribbon, feathers and flowers; values \$3 to
\$9.50 at \$1.95
—and other plush, velvet and felt hats in
white, brown, taupe, black, navy; plain and
trimmed styles; values \$1.50 to \$3, for \$1
Children's Furs—left from the holidays, in
mouffou and Iceland Fox, reduced 1.33
(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

Brushes—All Sorts—at Half

Tooth brushes, hat and clothes brushes, hair
brushes, hand mirrors, shaving stands and
mirrors and black rubber combs—a mis-
cellaneous assortment of thoroughly reliable
articles, all out on sale at Half
(Toile Goods; South Aisle)

For a Rainy Day

An umbrella from Coulter's—we carry only the best qualities,
with handles of such quality silver or gold, that they may be neatly
engraved, if you wish; or of natural woods, in themselves rich and
distinctive. The prices range in these from \$1 to
\$25—and they may be had in many colors,
as well as standard black.

Folding Umbrellas
the Magic, in black
and colors, folding
to fit a 24-in. suit case,
\$2.50 to \$10.00.

The Grip Umbrella—which
fits into a space to fit a
15-in. traveling bag, is
light, practical and simply
operated. In black only,
\$3.50 to \$6.50.

(Umbrellas; Main Floor)

Beautiful Neckwear at Half

These are slightly soiled or tattered articles which we will not
put back into regular stock, to be sold as perfect:

Collar and cuff sets, vests,
vestes, roll collar of orga-
nade, Oriental lace and net;
hand embroidered organade
and Picot edged or lace
trimmed pieces; hand embroi-
dered, lace trimmed guimpes;
ostrich collarettes on velvet
ribbon bands; boudoir caps
and many other things of ex-
cellent style, all at HALF.

(Neckwear; Main Floor)

Ribbon Remnants at Half Price

More to choose from than usual,
because of more business in this
section before Christmas.

Particularly good ribbons for
hair bows and girdles, as well as
for all the other things for which
women use pretty ribbons.

(Ribbons; Main Floor)

\$1.75 to \$2.00 Envelope Chemises Reduced

Bags at \$1.00

There is no article of lingerie more in present demand than these
envelope chemises; so a sale will be very timely:

Were Now
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$2.50 \$1.75

\$3.00 \$2.75
\$4.00 \$3.00

\$5.00 \$3.50

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

Coulter's—215-229 South Broadway—224-228 South Hill Street—Coulter's

Wore Now
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$2.50 \$1.75

\$3.00 \$2.75
\$4.00 \$3.00

\$5.00 \$3.50

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

Wore Now
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$2.50 \$1.75

\$3.00 \$2.75
\$4.00 \$3.00

\$5.00 \$3.50

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

Wore Now
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$2.50 \$1.75

\$3.00 \$2.75
\$4.00 \$3.00

\$5.00 \$3.50

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

Wore Now
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$2.50 \$1.75

\$3.00 \$2.75
\$4.00 \$3.00

\$5.00 \$3.50

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

Made in America.
BARBED WIRES
TO HALT ARMY.

THE THORNY STRANDS REACH
THEIR ULTIMATE USE.

The Farmer's Device to Keep His
Cattle in the Field has Developed
into a Defensive Medium that is
Being Much Used in the European
War.

[New York Times:] When Joseph F. Glidden, a farmer of De Kalb, Ill., back in 1872, got the idea of making fences with barbs on them, he had no more harmful design than to teach horses, cattle and hogs, by the pricks they might receive, that wire fences were meant to keep them in or out.

When Uncle Sam on December 24, 1874, gave Farmer Glidden the Christmas gift of a patent on his new device, his idea was heralded to the world. The western prairies, with their lack of fencing materials, had tried single strands of wire, but they avoided the cost and the whole consumption of wire for fence in 1874 was only fifty tons. Glidden's barbs made the cattle think, and the farmers soon saw their worth. In ten years the wire fences had increased 10,000-fold, and in ten years more its growth had been the foundation of the wire trust.

But Glidden reaped small reward from his invention till February 29, 1885, when the United States Supreme Court upheld his claims and he was able to collect royalty on all the fences that had been strung before. He lived fourteen years to enjoy his award, died in his home town in 1906 at the age of 82.

Quite naturally some animals enclosed by Glidden's fencing gashed themselves on the barbs. Just as naturally men and boys tried to climb over the under fence faces and have their clothes and their flesh torn. These wounds upon man and beasts and the suddenness with which Glidden's barbs halted all living things came to the attention of the military men, who had barbed wire entanglements of which they not read almost every day in the war news was born.

But it may be said right here that all these who had been halted by wire entanglements while marching or maneuvering for a new position say the devil never invented anything nastier. Bullets and bayonets make wounds that cause no suffering or the shock sensitivity, but barbed wire tears and annoys and gives no escape.

Possibilities seen by American military students in barbed wire were not confined to the armies of Europe and entanglements in every country in the world were put to work developing means for using this new device. Natural forerunners of the barbed wire entanglement had been in use from the earliest times. Roman soldiers had defended their positions with abatis. They had held off their barbarian enemies by felling trees, sharpening the ends of the branches and making them with their points turn away from the enemy. City Praes—sharp-pointed piles—had been planted in the earth in front of armies for their enemies to wound themselves against or to halt the on-rush. These piles could be removed or scaled.

Then later, as Europe advanced in wealth and more money and skill were put into devices offensive and defensive, the cheval-de-frise came into vogue and to the cheval-de-frise was supplanted it, military people looked upon it as highly effective in some circumstances. The cheval-de-frise is a log of wood, usually square, 3 inches by 3 inches and 12 feet long. Through this log holes are bored 12 inches apart, and into these holes sharp-pointed stakes of wood or iron are driven. This makes a device that resembles a series of exaggerated saw-teeth. At the ends of the spikes are rings by which they may be locked together, making an obstruction of any desired length that cannot be rolled aside, cannot be vaulted by cavalry, or climbed by infantry unless the stakes are broken off or bent aside.

But the use of the cheval-de-frise is limited. Like abatis and frises, it is valuable for guarding the approach to a position, but where there is no time for building and placing it. The cheval-de-frise is useful for barricading a street or road, and till recently European armies carried with them the materials and artisans to put them up. The materials for four chevaux-de-frise could be loaded for two horses. A mile of the special, fine, steel barbed wire made for military purposes weighs from 90 to 100 pounds. And it is remembered that for cruelty and strength this device is far beyond and more efficient than the ordinary agricultural fence wire of commerce.

Nobody outside of the European armies now at war knows how they are using barbed wire entanglements or in what form they are using them, for the engineers of each army are constantly devising new methods, and these new ideas are not divulged, even in time of peace. But the dispassionate tell of cavalry and infantry running headlong into masses of unyielding steel thorns that rouse the imagination to the horror of the wounds they inflict. One use for barbed wire that seems to be new is reported from Belgium. There certain roads that was desirable to have accessible to the people of the country, were made impassable to an army by building zigzag fences from side to side. The peasant, going to market, might pass by traveling along a zigzag line, but an army could not thread such a maze and must halt to destroy it.

While the European armies probably have built entanglements on new plans, a description of how an entanglement might be effectively constructed, issued for the instruction of the British army a few years ago, will give the layman an idea of the effectiveness of such defenses. First, the ground to be protected and over which the enemy must pass is laid out in squares, each square at each corner of each square a post is driven into the ground till eighteen inches remains above the surface. This system of squares extends, indefinitely along the line to be defended, and the only practical way to make it six squares deep, thus involving an entanglement of thirty feet wide through which the attacking forces must pass. The wire is strung from post to post and fastened with staples. The wires which are drawn diagonally from post to post are driven diagonally with nippers. These nippers are carried by soldiers nowadays, but it is a long job to get through, for every wire must be cut at every post. Wires by tons and posts by thousands are required for the number of posts to be used, and the cost of the wire and the labor of the men to lay it out is enormous. When will the enemy behind him. In placing entanglements deep grass, tall grain fields, and thickets are selected, where possible, for the effectiveness of the wire is far greater

75c Photograph Frames at 22c

Luncheon, 50c
—Tomato Bouillon—Chicken Pot Pie, family style—Mashed Potatoes—Salad à la Hamburger—Coffee, Tea or Milk.
—Have your luncheon charged to your account if you choose. (Cafe Beautiful—Fourth Floor)

Made photo frames—powdered gold finish, in various tones, complete with glass and back. Sizes 4x6, 4½x6½, 6x7, 6x8, 7x9 and 7x11 inches. About 150 frames at this undersize, today—22c each.

\$1.00 Photo Frames at 33c
—Another equally attractive underpriced group of fine wood frames, sizes 4x6, 7x9 and 7x11 inches. (Hamburger's—Third Floor—Today)

Hamburger's
BROADWAY AND HILL
SUNSET BDWY. 1168 — HOME 10063

\$2.95 Human Hair Switch, \$1.50

A "special" of unusual economy interest. Save more than a dollar and a half on one of these switches today.

—Of real natural wavy human hair in 3 separate stem style. No gray in the lot.

(Second Floor—Today)

Strawberry Buttercups
—Special—35c strawberry buttercups, 20c each.
—No phone orders, none to be taken, and a limit of 5 pounds to a customer.

(Main Floor—Today)

Holiday Sales! Thousands of Lots of Wanted Merchandise at Less Than Cost of Manufacture

Thousands of Soiled Handkerchiefs

Underpriced because they have been soiled or rumpled from elaborate holiday display.

—So great was the rush for these pretty kerchiefs by Christmas shoppers that the salespeople had little time to fold them carefully when displays were changed each day. As a result they are slightly soiled or crumpled—as fine as ever in quality, now all repriced a great deal less.

10c and 15c Lines, 5c

—Plain linen, Irish cambric and novelty handkerchiefs; with ¼-inch and ½-inch hem.

12½c 25c
—they were 20c to 35c
—they were 50c to \$1.00

—High grade imported handkerchiefs; hand-embroidery or fancy lace edge finish.

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

Coats, Dresses \$10.00

Formerly \$18.50 and \$20
Sensational, yes, the sensation of the year—this clearance price on coats and dresses of handsome materials and up-to-the-moment styles. Two weeks ago they carried even higher price tags—today every garment will be dropped to the lowest price notch of the season—\$10.

50 Coats Today \$10.00

—Chic styles for street, motor and afternoon wear; broadcloth, cheviot, mixtures and plaids—all-wool materials of exceptional quality—this is what you will find. Only 50 of them—make a memo to shop first in the wearing apparel department this morning. All sizes in the lot, though, of course, not every style in every size.

75 Dresses at \$10.00

—Of charmeuse, crepe de chine and novelty silks—some so lately designed that they will be in style even until spring. All sizes and colors in the assortment, too.

—Think what it means! A dainty dress for practically any occasion—and at \$10 they're wonder values. Look ahead to the many afternoons, semi-formal dinners, the home parties and all the little social affairs of the winter—and select a dress or two from this wonderfully underpriced lot. You'll enjoy the economy of such a shopping trip and later you'll take delight in wearing the dresses—they're so very pretty.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

\$1 to \$2.50 Jewelry 50c

—One, two or a few of a kind, dreds of high-grade novelties, all going into one great lot at 50c for this holiday event.

—Just as pretty, too, as they were before Christmas—but such a real difference in price.

—By selling in quantities we have raised the ratio of profit. The odd pieces and bangles are now to be disposed of quickly without regard for former cost or selling price, so we may use the space they occupy for merchandise. Included in this extra 50c group are—

—Brooches
—Cuff Links
—Bar Pins
—Scarf Pins
—Bead Necklaces
—La Valliere
—Bracelets
—Purses
—Vanity Cases
—Long Cases

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)



This Coat
\$10.00

Experienced extra
salespeople to help
you make satisfactory
selection.

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

\$2.50 to \$5.00 Wrist Bands and Leather Handbags \$1.50

—After the Christmas rush we put all broken lines of \$2.50 to \$5.00 and handbags into one lot and sold them to \$1.50. Some of the more popular styles of the season are included in some instances only one or two sizes.

—Leather, silk, beaded and novelty handbags—class staple and novelty effects for general utility use—\$1.50.

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

1915
Illustrated
AR PHRASES
"THE UNEXP
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The Los Angeles Times

The Foremost Daily Newspaper on the Pacific Coast

Uses Both Day and Night Reports of the Associated Press and Has Special Correspondents in the Centers of Population in America and Europe. Daily Prints Every Happening of Importance in the Civilized Globe, Including News of the Political, Religious, Social and Business Life of the People of All Foreign Countries.

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The week-day paper runs in size from 26 to 32 pages and the incomparable Sunday Times contains from 14 to 18 pages each week, in addition to The Times Illustrated Weekly, which is replete with authentic and trustworthy information about Southern California and the Pacific Southwest, besides captivating travel stories and well-written descriptive matter of historic interest, fascinating fiction, appealing poetry and other delightful reading matter.

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The TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY PUBLISHERS

HARRISON GRAY OTIS, President and General Manager.

Los Angeles, California

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Models That Were Formerly

Priced at \$7.50 to \$10

—In fact, until two weeks

—Smart Russian sailor effects in ~~very~~ gray mixtures, blue serge and blue and brown just think of the value—\$5.00 to \$10.00 min. ~~per~~

Women's Work; Women's Clubs; Society of Art and Artists; Greatest Tailorist Ever Known; in the Realm of Local Society; Old-Town Society Notes.

of the Sexes. California, by the Western Sea. Land of the Sun.

Warnack.

have different issues at stake, fight them out along different lines, only a sickness of the world-wide, one that Nature will not tolerate, because it is Nature.

The world happens to be sick, and with men who think they are sick, and with women who imagine they are sick. Not sentiment is not the only disease, but the responsibilities of men. It is not a long sickness, because those who are so afflicted will die of it, while the new-born will live to a sounder parentage and well-being as the Lord created it and left it to man's heritage.

In this day women are studying government, and for the minute are blinded with the idea that it is to which they are giving their attention. The fact is that as the advances it only needs better government and civic housekeeping, and are not going out of their sphere they undertake to have a hand in curing under what conditions children shall be born. They are leaving their homes, although they look to some of them as if it were true. On the contrary, they are doing their fair share in making the country the foundation for homes in which better children enjoy superior opportunities.

For the same reason they temporarily believe that women are making their homes for business, and the sum of their efforts will only strengthen and purify conditions, rounding labor and economics, and that their sons and daughters earn more with less expense of caloric energy and the possible culture.

The world is not to have benevolent women, nor to reduce the force or the worth of men, but to refine upon values and upon opportunities, and to widen opportunity in every legitimate direction.

Nor is there the slightest danger that serious disturbing influences have suffered to their health from the physical climates, as well as in other tropical men and women. The biology has always regulated the sex with regard to all physical influences. The unfermented grape juice is to be safely relied upon to carry out a scheme of nature, a scheme dependent upon the artificially few exaggerated personalities of the overdone circles of which it is large. It opens up another point wherein to dispose of products at a profit.

Men will always remain men, women womanly, and there will be a war among the sexes, nor will it be hatred between them. Love is the foundation of the world, and in increasing glory so long as the world shall stand.

The other day a copy of the Graphic came to hand, and I tained on one of its pages a nationally fine drawing of two driers in a garden. The caption that it was one of those rare days in England when the sun was shining. The very rare days in which the sun rises are when the gales are falling. And we know that there will be some sunlight at nightfall. Two weeks ago fell the whole day through, other such sunset as came the evening could not be seen this side of.

It is too bad that so few are ever ill in Los Angeles. There such a fine list of elegant and skillful surgeons that it is almost a pleasure to have been saved by them. This does that the doctors starve. Now in the automobiles offset the health of the community. The first frost happened in February about two years ago and the second just at the

Madero's Glorious Snow Peaks.

AN impressive, thrilling view of the Sierra Madre presented the other day after the rain! Not the Spaniards nor the Swiss Alps gleam more brightly in the brilliant sunlight than did the vast uplift stretching from San Bernardino back to San Diego. When rain falls on the vast fertile land bounded by this horseshoe and the ocean three or four inches of snow on the mountain-sides. There are few other sections of the country after an absence of rain for eight or nine months, streams as few from the mountaintops.

Good News for Californians.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission seems to have stopped dreaming, gained courage to defy the enemies of progress and industries in the United States and, with eyes wide open to the real interests of the country, at last given the railroads leave to raise freight rates in the territory east of the Mississippi so as to enable the roads to pay their running expenses and leave a little profit for the stockholders. There are few parts of the country so dependent upon the railroads as California. We have a vast territory here full of rich resources in a state of undevelopment waiting for new capital to come in and make this latent wealth active. It has been the opinion of all really intelligent persons during recent years of active government hostility to our industries that there never would come real prosperity until the government's attitude changed, to both stimulate and encourage industries instead of repressing and discouraging them. To meet the requirements of existing conditions the railroads must have more capital, and this is impossible to obtain unless the roads can show an ability to pay fair interest on the investment. See what the Coast owes to the railroads. The Northern Pacific has just ordered 117 passenger cars, to cost \$2,000,000. In spite of the distressed conditions of the road, this line during the current year laid nearly 2000 miles of double track. During the year the Southern Pacific has expended nearly \$10,000,000 for replacements and betterments. Of this nearly a million and a half went for the construction of fifty-one miles of additional track up in the Sierras east of Sacramento. The road bought 2550 steel underframe cars, 300 all-steel cars and fifteen Mikado passenger locomotives with other vast orders for additional equipment. This road has now 3371 miles of track protected by block-signal safety appliances, representing an outlay of \$6,000,000. Immediately on the announcement of the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission orders were rushed to mills for additional equipment and railroad supplies of all kinds. Just in proportion to the help and encouragement that the government offers industries will our prosperity grow, blessing all classes of people, and the converse of this proposition is just as true as the stars in their courses.

Value of the Exposition.

THOSE in touch with the situation, unprejudiced and without personal interest in the matter, see vast advantages to accrue to California and all the Pacific Coast in the Panama-Pacific Exposition to open in the next six weeks at San Francisco. The European war, instead of proving any detriment to the exposition or checking in the slightest degree the beneficial results to come from the great fair, is really proving a great help and stimulus to every interest of the Coast. With nearly 20,000,000 men called away from constructive work covering the industries of human life in Europe, supplies of finished material of nearly every kind will be scant or absolutely lacking. During the war and still more after it the ill-feeling existing between the belligerent nations will create a prejudice against goods coming from the enemy's country. We should not build too much upon this, as human nature is too greedily selfish to permit gourmets to stand long in the way of

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WASHINGTON. Prominent Repub-

licans and Senators are advancing a plan

turn of the year two years ago. There is a record of happiness for farmers not to be matched perhaps in the world. There was some misgiving about the middle of December about a threatened freeze-up, but the crop seems practically safe from anything of this kind during the current season. The ground is so saturated with moisture and the improbability of another frost coming soon should give the farmers courage. But the citrus-fruit growers of California are a particularly intelligent class of farmers, and their prosperity enables them to do what less prosperous cultivators of the soil could not do. So when the threatened frost came a couple of weeks ago there were a million little stoves full of crude oil spread through the citrus-fruit orchards of California ready to raise a blanket of smoke over the trees and protect them from the numbing fingers of the frost king.

The Farmer Awakening.

THOSE interested in the cultivation of the soil in Southern California have held one meeting, and have another scheduled for the 29th inst. at the Clark Hotel to study a programme for forming a chamber of agriculture for Southern California. This grows out of the presence among us of David Lubin of Rome, Italy, and the intimate knowledge he is imparting to our people concerning his great organization in that city. This is just the place to begin such an organization, because of the high intelligence, great prosperity and enterprise of the people engaged in the cultivation of the soil here, and also because of the great value of the crops produced from our soils under our benign skies, and the fact that these come into competition with so many crops grown in other parts of the world. Southern California is a veritable Garden of Eden, where everything flourishes that any soil on earth produces under any kind of a climate. Mr. Lubin's idea was that the whole world was interested in knowing the condition of crops and the extent of the products of every other country in the world. The knowledge of these things steadies the markets, gives the producer an opportunity to get full value for his crop, and the consumer a certainty of getting what he needs at a reasonable price. This prevents the middleman and the capitalist from buying up crops that are short, creating corners in foodstuffs, and also gives the middleman knowledge of where he may obtain needed supplies. In the end such an extensive knowledge of crops will be for the benefit of the average middleman, and while the capitalist may not make such large profits off of one crop in any one season, in the long run his profits will be more certain, and larger, too.

Let Us Raise Live Stock.

THE European war has created an immense demand for American canned meats. We are exporting vastly more of this foodstuff than for years past. The trouble with us is that we have little to spare, and whatever advantage accrues to the producer is counterbalanced by the increased cost of living to the consumer. Experts who are studying the condition of the live stock market inform us that the visible supply of cattle in the United States is reduced to about 35,000,000 head. This includes calves, which are being slaughtered in the most wasteful manner, and unless this slaughter of the calves stops the supply must diminish year by year. In Europe what is called veal is really young beef, a calf seldom being slaughtered until he is a year, a year and a half or two years old. The small supply of meat in those countries, too, has turned attention to the raising of pigs, which cost much less per pound to produce than cattle or even sheep. American farmers in California and elsewhere would do well to give this matter serious attention. It would be better for them to go into general farming than to confine their attention to any single crop. At the price at which live stock, poultry, butter, eggs and cheese are sold there is a great profit in the producing of these foodstuffs. It is perfectly easy for the farmer to keep a couple of cows, a few sheep, a pig or two and a flock of chickens. It was different when steers twenty years ago sold in the Texas Panhandle at \$7 a head.

Let Us Have Immigrants.

AT THIS writing Congress is still wrestling with the new immigration bill in which a literacy test is to be applied to all immigrants seeking our shores. This is an old bone of contention in the Federal Legislature on which our politicians have been chewing as unsuccessfully as a canine trying to masticate a rat-tail file. President

Taft, when an immigration bill with such a provision reached him, promptly vetoed it. President Wilson sees things exactly as Mr. Taft saw them and expressed his disapprobation of such a feature in the bill now pending, but does not think it competent for him to exercise the veto privilege on an act which has received the approbation of both houses of Congress. Undoubtedly this is the true view to take of it, provided the majority by which a bill is passed is large. If, on the contrary, a bill squeezes through with a small or a moderate majority in either house, it seems as if it would be the President's bounden duty to veto it and thus compel Congress either to drop the measure or pass it over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote. California has an intimate and very great interest in this bill. We need agriculturists who are able to finance their own enterprise and agricultural laborers seeking employment on our farms. Universal education does not prevail in many countries to the extent that it does in the United States. There are thousands of agriculturists and agricultural laborers in Southern Europe unable to read or write any language, but who, with a few simple tools, can put to shame expert college agriculturists with the best implements on earth in the cultivation of the soil. There is little connection between school education and farming. If the legislators should see fit to prohibit the granting of the electoral franchise to illiterates there would be some sense in that, but to connect grammar with the use of a spade or a shovel is rank nonsense.

Our Coast Defense.

THE recent raid of a few German cruisers on the northeast coast of England in the teeth of the immense British navy collected from almost all parts of the world for the defense of the British coast has aroused lively interest in America as to our unpreparedness to defend our coasts against a hostile fleet. The possibilities of war, thank merciful heaven, are remote for the United States, and may heaven grant that this remoteness shall last long, even world without end. At the same time, no prophet can see into the future and foretell what may take place even in a year. The warlike spirit of humanity is aroused to a condition of madness, and any little complication arising between our government and that of any of the belligerents might bring about very unhappy results. The Pacific Coast is in a peculiarly unprotected condition, and it would seem to be only proper and right for every citizen to urge the Congressman from his district to see to the matter in every way possible, and for all our organizations, civic and political, to take the matter up with the same end.

An Old Idea Reversed.

EVER since Alaska came into the possession of the United States it has been a known fact that there were in that country vast deposits of coal. But the idea got spread abroad generally that the coal was not fit for steam purposes. The navy has been making experiments recently, with the result that some of the Alaska coal at least is most excellently fitted for the production of steam. It is said to be easy to serve the coal to the furnace, easy to maintain the steam at any regular degree of strength desired, the coal being reported to burn "like a lot of pine knots." This news will be hailed with satisfaction by those in charge of the navy, and also by manufacturers in California and elsewhere on the Coast. It is also a matter of interest to those engaged in overseas commerce to know that so close at hand there is an abundant supply of good steam coal.

The Summer—and the Winter—Girl.

Upon the beach
Behold a peach!
(Dear friend, forgive my slang-O)
The salt tide rose
And wet her toes,
And how she loved the tang-O!

The summer o'er,
On ballroom floor,
Where drums and cymbals clang-O.
The music rose
And touched her toes,
And still she loved the tango!

5

The Roof of Our Hemisphere.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Strange Scenes. LIFE AND TRAVEL FROM PANAMA TO PATAGONIA.

HOW THE MOUNTAINS LOOK AT THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—THEIR DENSE VEGETATION IN SOUTHERN CHILE, AND VAST DESERTS IN PERU AND BOLIVIA—QUEER LAKES. SWITZERLAND OUTDONE—SOME WONDERFUL VOLCANOES—SENDING WIRELESS MESSAGES ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—STRANGE INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS—RAW LIZARDS A CURE FOR BAD STOMACHS—ALPACAS, LLAMAS AND VICUNAS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

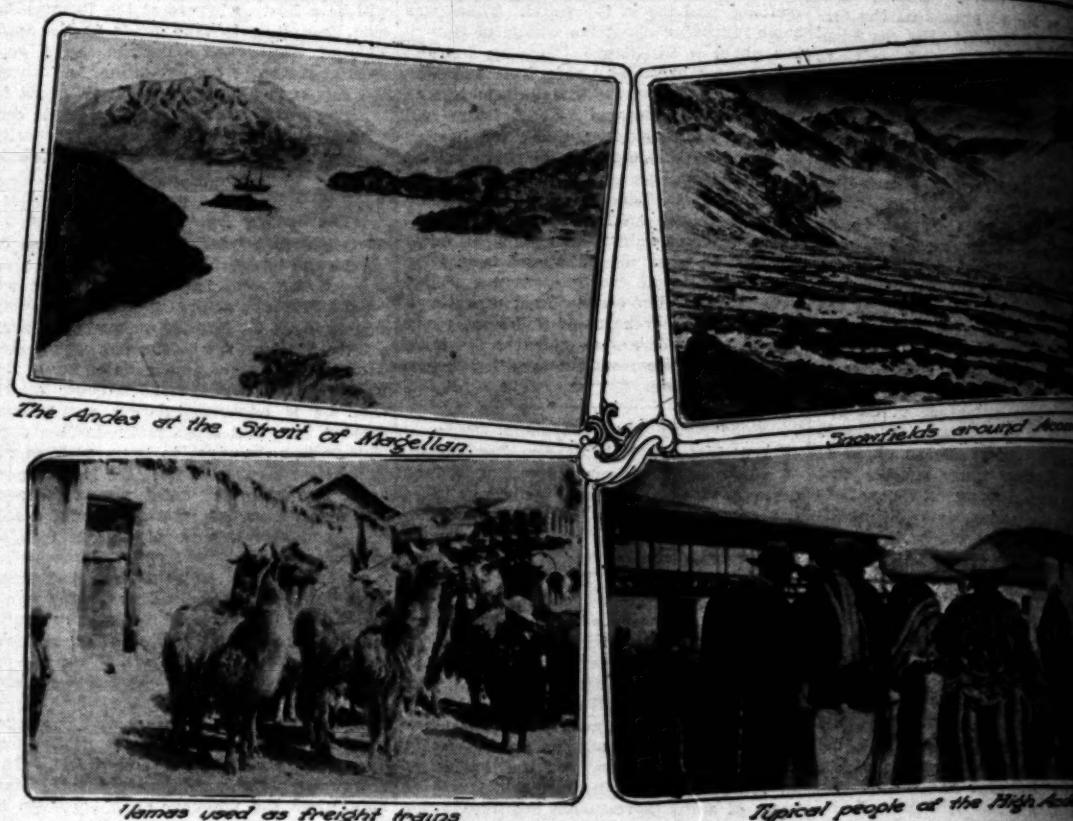
OS ANDES (Chile)—I am high up on the Chilean side of the Andes, ready to cross over the mountains from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope of the continent. My next letters will be from Argentina, and will describe the greatest bread-and-meat lands of the future. I am now on the roof of the continent right in the shadow of Mt. Aconcagua and within plain sight of the highest peak on our hemisphere. To the north of me this mighty range extends as far as the distance from Boston to San Francisco. It rises and falls in a mighty wall whose average height is more than two and one-half miles and whose width is greater in many places than the distance between Philadelphia and Boston. In some places there are two mighty parallel ranges that uphold plateaus as great in area as some of our largest States, and at the far north there are three ranges, from one of which branches off the spur which drops down into the Culebra Cut at the Isthmus of Panama.

The Andes run southward from here to the Strait of Magellan, and, jumping that strait, are found again in the mountains of Tierra del Fuego, ending at last in Cape Horn, a mighty rock which is as high as Mt. Washington. In these southern ranges there are many low passes, and in a half dozen places Chile is planning to build railroads connecting the oceans. The mountains gradually fall as they near the strait, but the seas on each side of them are of great depth, and the Andes with their rocky heads still tower high above the waters.

The Far South.

During the past year my travels have been largely confined to the Andes, and in this and in other trips I have made to South America I have traveled through them from one end to the other. I have never set foot on Cape Horn, but I have seen the mountains of Tierra del Fuego, and in a coasting steamer have wound my way in and out among the glacial peaks of Patagonia and through the Strait of Magellan at the southern end of the continent.

The Strait of Magellan is merely a pass through the mountains. Cape Pilar, which marks its western end, terminates in two massive rocks 1500 feet high, and the great archipelago of Tierra del Fuego consists of mighty mountains, which are more than half under the sea. I know of no finer scenery than that of the islands which border the western coast of Southern Patagonia. It is like riding in a ship amid the snowy peaks of the highest mountains. I wound my way through in a small vessel, going through passes so dangerous that we dared not travel at night. The distance was 300 or 400 miles, and we coasted slowly along through these mighty fjords walled on the lower slopes with stunted pine forests and crowned with glaciers which here and there plowed their way through the green and came down to the water. Darwin compared the glaciers of Mt. Sarmiento in Tierra del Fuego to 100 frozen Niagars. The waters of Western Patagonia made me think of a hundred Lake Comos, Lake Genevas and Lake Lucernes tied together in an ever-winding, ever-changing river. The mountains above compared with the Alps. Here a giant rock, cathedral-shaped, covered with moss, rose straight upward for a thousand feet, and further on mountains with their heads lost in the clouds dropped almost precipitously into the sea. There were narrow gorges in which our steamer had to tack this way and that to get through. We plowed fields of floating



ice, and went through canyons walled with ice several thousand feet deep.

Ice From a Berg.

I remember we passed several floating icebergs during the trip, and that now and then we could hear the boom of a great ice block that had broken from a glacier. We had to sail carefully so as not to be struck by the bergs, and at one place we stopped and anchored beside one in order to break off a chunk of ice weighing several tons, which by means of a derrick we hauled on to the ship. This ice was of a beautiful opalescent green, with a cover of frosted silver. We wrapped a log chain around it, and the steam engine hoisted it to the deck. A little later the butcher killed a fat pig which our vessel was carrying, and for the remainder of our voyage we feasted on sausage, pork chopas, spare ribs and scrapple.

I have referred to the pine forests of the Far South. The vegetation on the west coast of the Andes is peculiar. From the Strait of Magellan to almost a thousand miles northward the mountains are heavily wooded. There is a dense jungle also at the north, running from Panama to the southern boundary of Ecuador. Between these two places it is all desert, and the foothills of the mountains have a country as sandy and barren as the mighty Sahara between them and the sea. There the rain never falls, and it is only on the eastern slope that you find dense vegetation.

In the southern Andes there is a heavy rainfall. This comes from the winds of the Pacific, which blow in that direction. A little farther north the winds come from the east. They are loaded with the waters of the Atlantic. They drop a part of their burden on their way across South America and the rains pour all along the eastern side of the Andes. By the time the winds get to the top they are dry and there is nothing but snow water, which melts on the high peaks and flows down in a stream here and there through the great western desert. Farther north in Ecuador there is a heavy rainfall and the rivers that flow down the steep western slopes often flood the country for miles.

Some Big Ferns.

I was surprised about the rain near the Strait of Magellan. In some parts of Western Patagonia the ground is covered with moss as deep as your waist and there are mighty ferns with fronds as long as your arm and longer. The most of the trees are evergreens. They are small, but are

so thick on the ground that you can walk on their tops in snow shoes. The ground there is saturated with moisture, and when I tried to make my way through the woods I sank in as though I were on one of the bogs of old Ireland. It rains there every few days. Indeed, I am told that it rains thirteen months every year.

And this brings me to the lakes of the Andes. The western slopes in Southern Chile have bodies of fresh water that will compare in beauty with the lakes of the Alps. Lake Nahuel Huapi, which is about 2500 feet high, is like a Norwegian fjord, with waterfalls flowing down the steep walls of the basin in which it lies. Lake Esmeralda is another beautiful sheet, and Lake Llanquihue is an inland sea second only to Titicaca in size. All of these lakes are covered with snow and the like so blue that it makes one think of the grotto at Capri, which is famous in the world. There are many lakes in Chile, and in the distance they float upon the water as though balloons or balls, and not the like of the highest chain of mountains. One island I remember, rose out like a gigantic mushroom in the water, and another resembled a whale whose head and tail rose out of the blue waves. These various phenomena I have seen never seen.

There are many other beauties of the Andes in Peru and also in Colombia, including Lake Titicaca, which the Indians say into which they threw gold and silver. I have already written of Lake Urcos, in which the golden coins are buried, and there are many other treasures in most of the lakes of the Andes which lie between the great mountain ranges.

I am writing this week in Chile. I have learned the last half of Mt. Aconcagua. It is about 22,000 feet high and it kisses the sky in the very thoroughly—that of all other point on our hemisphere. The Andes in Argentina is only 20,000 feet, and Tupungato and Sarmiento are less than 21,000 feet. The same is true of the Andes in Chile, which, like Sarmiento, is very near the same height. The range of the Andes throughout Chile is about 13,000 feet high. It is the highest range of mountains in the world, with the exception of the Himalayas, which are about 20,000 feet high.

I have seen the great mountain of Africa. Mt. Kenia is a mile higher than Aconcagua, and Kilimanjaro is even higher. Kilimanjaro and Chombe are of about the same height, and it is the highest mountain in Africa. It is the highest mountain in the world, with the exception of the Himalayas, which are about 20,000 feet high.

Most Wonderful of Lakes.

Lake Titicaca and its little sister, Lake Poopo, are both more or less alkaline. You can drink the Titicaca water, but it tastes bitter, and the water of Lake Desaguadero is still worse. The borax lake is more bitter than the Dead Sea and the Desaguadero River water tastes very much like that of the Jordan.

The most wonderful lake upon earth is Titicaca. It is two miles and a half straight up in the air above the sea level, and it is surrounded by silver-clad mountains from 16,000 to 22,000 feet high. You feel the air as though you were in a high mountain pass.



like an ever-rolling stream,
carries all its sons away.
as the fading of a dream
comes with the dawn of day.

Friday, dearly beloved, just before The Eagle will philosophize for us again, one of those great moments between the eternity past and the eternity to come will have come. Of course you know The Eagle is speaking of New Year's Day. Motion, and motion means life. Hebrew prophets, who were accusably wrapped in thought looking forward, used to tell their people of the existence when "time should be no more." The Eagle cannot follow these ratiocinations of the highest human mind. To him a state of rest at any time mark connected with the most absolute stagnation is death possible to him to conceive. The Eagle knows something about the conception of Almighty God in the human mind, and he knows the conception of God as the conception of every living thing upon the earth. The theological conception of God is that of one who lives in the present where there is no future, but everything from the past to the future onward through ever-present into another remotest eternity in all its details before the eye at every moment of time measured by revolving suns and rolling years. That conception is right. Far be it from the poor old Eagle to dare to reason with the like of Dolly or to try to measure the size of the world with his small mind.

year after year and have furs, a picture. They express devotion and hearting.

Wife eyes. "You of you, but a wrong shape, anything?"

"Of course her friend thing. You know money and."

And he does just the breed self. She as one amount.

dearest of all alike; in their loverlike a woman she assumes hubby and quite agrees that con-

cerns the stores are very consider-

matter of exchanges.

old maxim to the effect that never look a gift horse in the mouth. These old maxims are so

chief thing about a gift is its

Doubtless it gave John a

pleasure to send that partic-

ular he might have studied our

little more carefully.

• • •

is a really charming sentimental

means to have it regardless of

the donee. Husbands per-

mitting the same sort of mistakes

hints of him.

ITS a hold, but

foolish mental by

gift horse reflect upon

of anyone look our

that what

thing of a

No matter how

those only had in be

hints of him.

The Overcoats

Models That Were Formerly

Priced at \$7.50 to \$10

Smart Russian sailor effects in rough gray mixtures, blue serge and blue and brown. Just think of the value—\$5.00 to \$15.00 each.

WASH.

Last Pow-wow of the Piutes. By Louise Parcher

A NOTABLE CHIEF.

THE Piute Indians, who comprise one of the largest bands of Indians in the United States not on a reservation, recently held in Inyo county what will no doubt be their last big pow-wow. Indians from many points in California and Nevada were in attendance, and one especially important personage whose presence made the meeting one of importance was Capt. Dave Nunama, who was made chief of the Piutes in 1873, and who, during President Cleveland's administration, made a trip to Washington and was presented with a silver medal by the Chief Executive, for services as a peace officer among his own people. Capt. Dave has made many trips through the United States, visiting other tribes than his own, and the Indians of Inyo county felt highly honored that he should visit them at this time. Capt. Dave is nearly 90 years of age, but is upright and vigorous, and speaks good English. He was 24 years of age before he saw a white man. His place of residence is at Pyramid Lake, in Nevada.

There were several hundred Indians in camp during the meeting. The camp was located on the unimproved parts of one of the big ranches south of the town of Bishop, and was reached by automobile. Very few tents were raised, as the Indians simply rolled themselves in their blankets, and, with their dogs cuddled beside them, slept soundly in the open, the sagebrush under them, and the moon overhead. In the daytime the camp was quiet, most of the men and women seeking the streets of the town but at night there were dancing and singing, but, alas, no gambling. Some time ago the government issued orders to the reservation Indians that there must be no more games of chance among them, and, while the local agents really have no control over the Indians who do not live on reservations, they warned the Piutes at this time that if they gambled they would be prosecuted under the laws of the State. This was a great disappointment, not only



CAPT. NUNAMA,
Peacemaker of the Piutes.

to the red men, but also to the white men, who are accustomed to go out to these pow-wows each year and play the "stick game" with the Indians.

To one not acquainted with the Indians the camp was a most interesting place. A great stockade had been erected of tules and willow boughs. In the center of this was a big camp fire round which the principal dances were held. Smaller fires were burning around the sides of the enclosure and little groups of Indians would gather about these while the dancing was going on. Unlike events of this kind among white people, there was little noise, aside from the weird singing of the vocal orchestra, to the accompaniment of sticks beaten together, and an occasional laugh from some buck or a bashful mahala. Outside of the stockade were hundreds of cow

ponies, and all about on the ground were sleeping forms, Indians and dogs. In one of the few tents was a phonograph, and here was run a restaurant where tea, coffee and sandwiches were served to those who cared to buy them.

The dancing was different each night, and was given by Indians from different sections. One night the Diggers danced, another night it was the Mono Lake Indians, another the Shoshones from Nevada, but best of all in the eyes of the Piutes was the great war dance by the Indians local to Bishop and the Owens River Valley. The chief of this tribe is one Harrison Dias, a fine-looking, full-blooded Piute who sets type in a local newspaper office in the winter time and works two or three ranches in the summer. One of these ranches belongs to himself and the others to members of his family. Harrison is a young man, a little over 30, and is unmarried. He has the highest respect of every white man and Indian in the valley. He is not the hereditary chief. The latter will not serve, and Harrison was elected by the tribe.

To those interested in the psychological side of the question it may be interesting to know that many of the best and most agile participants in the war dance were attired in pink knit underwear of American make, and one elderly war veteran wore a short Japanese kimono, pale blue with a pink figure. On the night of the circle dance, while bucks and mahalas and several white men and women were going slowly round the big circle to the dirge-like music of the singers, the phonograph in the refreshment tent was playing "Onward Christian Soldiers," the music sounding loud and clear in the still night air.

All of the younger Indians speak English, and their conversation among themselves is a queer mixture of Piute and English. In fact, some of them cannot speak their native tongue at all, but they mingle with the others, take part in the dances, etc., just the same, and when a white man who is a stranger to them attempts conversation he is at a loss to discover which of those he addresses understand him and

which do not. Regardless of

they are all Indians, and

go to school, either to

the Indians or

the younger Indians

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Indians.

It would be difficult for the

Indian agents to make

any statement

about the

Indians.

It would be

difficult for the

Indians.

It would be

Jane Halifacts, Gentlewoman, And Her Luminous Talks to "The Times."—XI.

LA MULIERQUE.

which do not. Regardless of they are all Indians, and steadily These younger Indians have all go to school, either to Sherman or to and one of the chief reasons for this meeting was an effort being made on the part of the older members of the tribe to utilize the younger men and women to woman's equality with the younger men and women to the ground of her inability to bear have not had this modern education. Of course an equally would be difficult for the uninitiated to man's equality with what this conference amounted to the ground that he cannot bear the Indian agents are unable to beyond a certain point in their pose to be raised.

These people. These Indians are the most peaceful in the United States out of this hideous holocaust and King and Czar was on very little trouble. It cannot be said that the majority of them are independent; they are self-supporting if not poor like the ills of the field, they thought of the morrow. And these papers among them, the old and the young, are cared for by the tribe without the whites. What begging is done about all the help the women give for housework. They are busy and the younger ones sew about work regular union hours, although if they ever heard of a union. And when out of work they hesitate to come to your back door morning and wait with all the tea iron for their breakfast. Not they would go so far as to ask for it. They wait, and the white woman who them and their ways never so far manners as to let them go hungry.

The Indians at both Bishop and have large, well-organized houses and are uniformed in blue. The at the Bishop school are well off, both boys and girls have attractive red uniforms in which they public occasions. Their work is fine ranks above that of many schools, both by way of execution product.

gewart.

The childish delight of walking of whining along in the sun, the heat love of a dress.

The play that evening was in season, and the players an effort to be, seemed comet deep in her heart Halle had the terrible war in Europe. Determinations counted most for her lot in Pasadena, take

It was all so wonderful, being on the side, in the best orchestra seats, when she was properly dressed, at last she is going to be, and start other girls—which of course meant for London to enlist.

beautiful girls—just once.

I hurried through my breakfast time since the civilization had received its staggering blow. The "something good" must come out of every- thing that is permitted to be, seemed comet deep in her heart Halle had the terrible war in Europe. Determinations counted most for her lot in Pasadena, take

It was all so wonderful, being on the side, in the best orchestra seats, when she was properly dressed, at last she is going to be, and start other girls—which of course meant for London to enlist.

In the dazzle of it he simplest of things over this vast matter silence paled into very unshaken woman if she would let me. I found out was a mere use of the telephone that she

The Princess Beautiful was ready for the evening at a dinner given for the equipment of the royal party's honor. Her friends only reach her in time to pack—about to friends—and the nervousness of life in a city miles away, as though a danger of tales being told out of doors.

And when the play was over and I sat down in a chair feeling as though I had a bad day for women.

The Peacock was crowded. With seats at the tables taken and the hairbacks bulging with men's and women's evening wraps—no one dodging the flying waiters who men trays atwinkle with names of chafing dishes—it was not so with other wars.

As the head-waiter shot down the room to the one where was available, a little table for two took a far corner, enough apart from me for even a big voice to speak without being overheard.

And when the big voice had that it had to say—in the interval

order given and the order

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT

tion that nothing whatever will ever justify war again. Many of us have already outgrown the necessity for, the capability to participate in such atrocities as we see perpetrated in Belgium. Surely women cannot gain the greatest good for themselves by taking part in the worst that is possible for men. I cannot see what is to be gained by women staining their hands with blood—the blood of innocent thousands in which the record of this time will be written. I can see incalculable harm that may come from it," continued The Gentlewoman.

"But they have shelled Scarborough," I protested. "They are going to wreck every town on the Yorkshire coast. All the able men are away in the long line on the continent. What shall be done? Shall the women stand by and see their children murdered, their possessions destroyed, and make no resistance? It is a bad day for humanity. It is a sad, sad day for women. But worse days and sadder days have been. This is the beginning of the end forever of the bad days and the sad days that must follow the heels of war," I exclaimed.

"As matters stand now, it seems right that they offer whatever defense of their homes they can. Nevertheless, it will be a bad day for humanity. England has a lot more men than women. Her women are the most able-bodied in the world. The proportion of women to men will be greatly increased by this war, of course. The militant suffragettes of London have been rather terrible problems for the government of England. With a woman's reserve, equipped and drilled, when the war is over, that problem will become a civil war, a sex war, a revolution. I do not feel glad that women have found it necessary to prove their equality in this way. The world is fast coming to realize the absurdities in the arguments holding that women are inferior to men. Women have been doing effective educational work all over the world to establish their equality on the highest bases. I say it is sad, if it has become necessary to begin the establishment of equality on lower bases. I do admit that the women of England have perhaps the greatest grievance of any women in the world. For they are the equals of any women of any nationality, the superiors of many. They are entitled to full representation in their government, oh, surely. The need of this and the justice of this are only too apparent in this terrible war. Women have had no hand in its making, they may have a voice, however, in proclaiming its end, and yet I do not feel that it is the best thing that they should arm themselves, to deal in terms of violence and bloodshed; that they should feel it an essential of heroism to shoulder a gun, and march and counter-march, or to run a saber through a man's body, or shoot a bullet through his heart. Women know the cost of human life—how can they ever for any reason conceivable stain their hands with blood?

"But what would you have them do? You disappoint me. I thought you would respond to this thing—I hoped you would see this the way I do. Why, this is the bravest thing, the most glorious thing, the most unforgettable thing that the women of England could possibly do. They are taking their chances with death, along with the men."

The Gentlewoman sat very still. She comes from a long line of martial men, men who have fought in the glorious cause of freedom for this nation, and for humanity in the abolition of slavery in the United States. She comes from a long line of patrician women, who with white faces and folded hands have sat beside vacant chairs, in desolate homes, or have bowed their heads and wept silently, and who have watched and waited but who have never been violent. Her face was very grave, and her voice was very low and sweet when she replied to me.

"There is a braver thing, a more glorious thing, a thing forever unforgettable, which the women of England, the women of the whole world, can do, if they must act together and decisively. They are going to risk their lives in war. Some of them will doubtless be killed. The thing I have in mind has in it every possibility for danger and death that armed defense

has, and greater glory. They may establish their equality on the basis of violence, of course. But the fact remains that those violent ones must then establish their equality on the higher bases, which are not violent. The civilization of the future will not be a civilization based on violence. It is the one that women are going to help build. They have had no part in building this one that is now being crushed, to make room for the form of a new one which is being born. This civilization of the future will be no better than the one of the present if women join men in bloodshed and violence. It will be the same old story of the cycles of the past repeated. Is it not time we turned to the Light?"

"What is the glorious thing, the unforgettable thing the women could do?" I asked, following The Gentlewoman with considerable experience for her earnestness.

"I do not know whether I should say it to you in your mood this morning. I purposely talked away from it."

"But while I am not convinced, I know that you have studied these things, that you are a woman, and that you also feel the stress of this time. You have made me a different mood; won't you tell me?"

"The unforgettable thing, the most glorious thing that the women of any time could do, is for them to stand straight and staunch before God and proclaim to the world that a civilization that must be maintained by violence is not worth maintaining. That it is a failure and they have had no part in it. Let them march—oh, across the world, if they like, but let them march unarmed, and let them shout as they march: 'Look, O men, at what you have wrought. Eight millions of you stand drawn up to one another. Long have you forgotten the great white Christ who came to teach brotherhood. Long have you forgotten that law which has for the core of its being, 'Thou shalt not kill.' What are your great cities? What are your sailing ships, your rumbling railroads, your argosies of commerce, the legions of your glittering armies? Look about you—cities destroyed, men lying dead, little children starving, women weeping, to what end, to what end? To this end, we answer, that no more do we bear sons to feed the maws of your great guns. No more do we fare forth with you as mates until you have made of this world a fit place for our young. This is the terrible negation into which you have driven us. It is invincible, but it is not violent. When you have ceased to destroy, then shall we begin to build. And not until then."

My line of uniformed women, marching and drilling, began to fade as The Gentlewoman finished her impassioned speech. Instead I saw a vast army of women, some pale, worn, starved, and bent with burdens; others straight and stanch and shining, but in the foreheads of all was a light that has never before shone in the faces of women. Together they marched, proclaiming the truth of what The Gentlewoman said. Occasionally they broke ranks, but only to let some of their number pass into the markets of the world, to carry on the commerce of the world, in places of the men who had been killed; to let others march into the fields and plow the soil and raise the crops to feed the starving; and still to let others pass into the places where the blood flows reddest, to bind up wounds of the foolish men who have fallen in battle.

That seemed glory really worth achieving. It seemed the beginning of my dream-world, where the fact of sex is not the signal for oppression and strife and degradation and deception, but the immutable barrier between men and women, placed by the Creator himself, not to indicate inferiority or superiority, for between them there is no such thing, but to remind them forever and forever of their separate and distinct work in the world, which must be done in absolute equality, equity and integrity, toward each other, else all they may do will end in failure and despair.

The Gentlewoman, continued: "The hands that have become stained with blood can never do the mother-work of this world again, as it was intended to be done. If women should become fighters as men are, it would really be a sad day for humanity.

After ages of suffering and endurance of anguish and injustice beyond any words of any time, because they have stood steadfast against violence, because deep within themselves they have refused to meet violence with violence, it does not seem possible that they should now surrender, and descend to violence. It would be the greatest tragedy in human existence if they suddenly armed themselves and thereby surrendered to what they have in their incomprehensible negation withheld throughout the ages. Women have never declared war. They have never killed to achieve their ends. And, today, unstained by the blood of their humanity, they draw near the hour of their supreme recognition by men throughout the world as the spiritual element in life. The hour draws near when men of the world must face the fact that the civilization which they have built alone is a failure. It will be destroyed so that one that is built on the great laws of God, which are equity, brotherhood, and equality of opportunity for achievement, may arise. Women will be equal factors in that civilization. But it will not be founded on violence, because God's great laws have in them no element of violence. Only that which is built on them will permanently endure. The religion of Jesus Christ will be social and political forms when the deeds of Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Charlemagne, Hannibal and Kaiser Wilhelm are utterly gone from the memories of men. Such is the law of God."

"But the Germans are shooting at Scarborough," I protested weakly.

"Let the Germans shoot at Scarborough. They won't hit as many women now as they would if the women were offering armed resistance. No permanent good could come of it. Permanent harm could."

Before the conclusion of our visit The Gentlewoman convinced me that this war is a return to the dominion of the lower instincts of man, that while there have been times in the history of the world when great lessons could be taught in no other way, that time is now past; that there are better ways of learning our lessons; that the present conflict in Europe will convince the world beyond question that for 1900 centuries governments pretending to be based on the teaching of the Christ have been lying while peasants have been worshiping and praying in His churches. But the ultimate victory will lie with the peasants who have been praying. The whole world will realize from this conflict the futility of war, and set about eliminating it from the scheme of life. The Gentlewoman is right in saying that there is no true basis for a civilization except equity, integrity, equality of opportunity for achievement, and the supreme recognition of the rights of every human being, including woman. That is the core and essence of the teaching of Jesus Christ. It will work out as brotherhood among men and reciprocity among nations.

And one nation cannot attain it alone. All must help.

And as The Gentlewoman said, as we walked down her garden path to the gate, back of the blood-red of our horizon there is white light, and in it the hand of God writes, and the value of His message lies in the poet's words:

"If ye hear it, this weeping of the Spirit, For the world which ye inherit,

Do I not hear it, too?

Arise and to your stations, ye lighted living nations,

These be my dark foundations,

To raise them is for you."

Population of China.

[Civilization of China.] The population of China has never been exactly ascertained. The latest census, taken in 1902, is said to yield a total of 410,000,000. Perhaps 300,000,000 would be a juster estimate; even that would absorb no less than one-fifth of the human race. From this total it is easy to estimate that if the Chinese people were to march past a given point in single file the procession would never end; long before the last of the 300,000,000 had passed by a new generation would have sprung up to continue the endless line.

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The Twelfth Juror. By J. L. Sherrard.

A "TRICK OF FATE."
IS THE commonwealth's attorney ready to proceed?"

The courtly old judge removed his glasses, wiped them carefully with a tiny piece of chamois skin, and beamed inquiringly upon the young man.

"Ready, may it please your honor?"

The voice of J. Blackstone Kent registered 100 per cent. in its tone of absolute confidence.

It was the prosecuting attorney's first case. An unusual importance attached to the opening of this term of the criminal court, for Kent was only 23 years old and had just recently been elected commonwealth's attorney, an office rich in political possibilities, after defeating the renowned Lawrence, a supposedly invincible idol of the people.

The courtroom was packed with partisans of Kent and partisans of the dying Lawrence—the veteran attorney still esteeming himself a rather lively corpse.

Kent had not spent his time in vain since the election. His heavy locks had been trained to just the proper length for oratorical effect. With a theatrical flourish of his right hand he thrust it through the mass of glossy hair, moving his slender fingers around slowly until they rested for an instant on the top of his head.

"The first case will be that of the State against Wash Ricketts," Kent announced. "The commonwealth is ready."

Lawrence arose pompously from his seat within the circle reserved for the members of the bar. "I appear for Ricketts," he said crisply.

A thrill of easy victory in prospect cheered the young attorney. He had adroitly selected for his first case one in which there was not the faintest doubt of conviction, and now in the first passage at arms he would have a chance to show to the public his superiority over Lawrence as well as his own skill as a prosecutor.

The court clerk began drawing from the jury box the slips of paper containing the names of the panel. Eleven men were chosen, and already the State's attorney, out of an undue abundance of caution, had exhausted his challenges.

"Wilkes Farnum!" called the clerk, reading from a tiny slip.

Lawrence smiled from ear to ear. "No objection," he announced blandly.

J. Blackstone Kent paled for an instant, but he said nothing because he had unwittingly used all the objections to jurors that the law allowed.

The twelfth juror took his seat unchallenged.

Now, here was a hard situation for the confident young man. He and Farnum were bitter rivals for the hand of Miss Young, who at that minute was occupying a seat of prominence in the courtroom, having come on the invitation of Kent himself. He felt pretty solid with her in any event, but there was nothing like clinching his grip on her affections by showing her a thing or two of what he could do with the law and the evidence.

"Farnum will tie that jury as sure as Wash Ricketts is a thief," Kent reflected disgustedly. "Why, he wouldn't lose a glorious chance like that to humiliate me."

Kent's first impulse was to accuse Lawrence of stacking the cards against him, but on second thought he realized how absurd such a charge would be. If his own foresight had been as good as his hindsight he would have saved a challenge for this dangerous man whom he knew to be on the jury list. By a cruel trick fate had found the only rift within his armor.

The courtroom was packed with partisans of Kent and partisans of the dying Lawrence—the veteran attorney still esteeming himself a rather lively corpse.

The evidence produced against the negro was convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Witness after witness took the stand, and in sharp, concise questions that cut like a knife Kent established his case in every essential element. Nor could the astute Lawrence break down on cross-examination the story of a single material witness. The case of the defense seemed hopeless.

On a dark night in March, so the testimony said, G. Washington Ricketts entered the premises of a worthy citizen of Pottsville and there, feloniously and with malice aforethought, did steal, take and carry away six fat hens of the value of as many dollars. And the evidence showed very clearly that the said G. W. Ricketts, false exemplar of the sire of his country, was tarred with a thick veneer of guilt.

"That's the case for the State, may it please your honor," Kent spoke in a tone of finality, emphasizing the force of the announcement by a dramatic passage of his hand through the shock of wavy black tresses.

The two men on whom Lawrence relied to prove an alibi for Ricketts proved thoroughly unreliable, and then the old negro's attorney, smarting under certain defeat, decided to close for the defense without furnishing further amusement to the packed courtroom.

But Ricketts interposed a prompt objection.

"Ef de co't please, I'll plead mah own case, sah."

Lawrence sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing the indignation he felt.

"Yas, sah, may it please yo' honah," continued old Wash, calmly ignoring his counsel's efforts to stop him, "I'm gwine to plead mah own case. I'm a honest nigger, an' I

wants de truf—an' nothin' but de truf—to prevail." He looked up appealingly into the face of the judge.

The kindly old judge ruled that the defendant could go on the stand in his own behalf, if he wanted to, the honorable counsel to the contrary notwithstanding.

The wave of ill-suppressed tittering that swept over the courtroom receded before Wash had spoken ten words. His story bore the stamp of genuineness, of absolute truth. Those in the courtroom who had condemned him—and that meant the entire body—began to ask themselves if after all they might not have been too hasty in their judgment. Surely he was telling the truth even if the State's testimony appeared armor-proof, for no man could feign the honesty, the sincerity and the evident feeling of persecution that was manifest in every syllable he uttered.

There were tears in the eyes of the judge as the aged negro finished, and to place the seal of truth on his statement Wash produced a battered almanac from an inside pocket of his ragged coat.

"Ef you can't b'lieve a honest ol' nigger, gen'l'men," he spoke in terms of offended dignity to the jury, "dis heah proves I'm not lyin'. Study dis almerneck. Please, sah, gen'l'men, on de night ob March de twenty-fourth de moon was shinin' bright as day—yas, sah, as bright as a sunshiny day. See fo' yo'selves, gen'l'men."

Wash drew his sleeve across a face convulsed with grief, wiping away the big tears that coursed down his cheeks.

"That's the case for the defense," announced Lawrence unabashed, seeing that his client's cause was won and fearing that delay might in some way work a reaction.

But J. Blackstone Kent was on his feet instantly, protesting in vehement terms against the introduction of the almanac. It had no standing in a court of law, he argued heatedly.

"Philimpham's almanac is a standard work, accepted the world over," ruled the judge. "It is accurate. I admit it."

Kent examined the exhibit closely. Yes, the night of the 24th of March certainly was in the full of the moon. There could be no doubt of it. Prof. Philimpham proved it. In his argument to the jury, a pretty good imitation of a masterpiece of eloquence, even if it did lack the ring of sincerity, he might as well have been trying to batter down the walls of a fort with a pea-shooter.

The State's case was lost, and Kent could read it plainly enough in the faces of the twelve men, and especially in Farnum's expression of half-concealed glee.

The judge delivered a brief charge and the jury retired for deliberation, leaving the commonwealth's attorney feeling a shade bluer than did Lawrence on the morning after the election.

"To be humiliated and outwitted and outgeneraled by a simple old nigger!"

Kent rudely disturbed his raven locks, but the gesture this time was one of helpless anger and defeat.

Inside the juryroom, the twelve chatted

and joked and consumed the bag of peanuts one provided and kept in his pocket. Then, to amuse themselves, they proceeded to take turns at "attention" for his candy while the jaws were snapped.

"Guilty!" Farnum voted.

The eleven looked at him in amazement.

"W-what?" stammered Farnum.

"Guilty!" repeated Farnum.

The eleven gathered close together, gesticulating wildly and all trying to convince him of his mistake.

"It would be an outrage in a plain case of innocence," said the foreman.

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"It would be an outrage in a plain case of innocence," said the foreman.

Farnum sat nonchalantly at the table, dangling his feet over the wire walls of the pen. Over and over merely shook his head, and repeated the unchanging verdict.

In the mind of the twelve, passed in review a vivid picture night on the 24th of March, a tian sort of evening, when they stumbled down the walk of home, the girl's final "No" the trumpet call of doom in the supervision of Louie's pen had been remembered.

He could easily vote by himself to justify himself by the evidence, revenge it would be to make Blackstone Kent, this knight of law, in the presence of his client, reflected, but—curse his rotten conscience was too square to such a thing. He was under no cover of false testimony.

Farnum thought of the pen in the fight, but he would win all. He held up "Exhibit A," creation of the great almanac.

"Let me show you what I did to Prof. Philimpham's almanac," he said. "I put this year's cover on a man's manac, and did it so neatly the laws got completely foiled. In this case by the highest authority, Kent and all the rest were by the trick to see through it. I stung him off with a splendid piece of acting, he hadn't been for me, old Wash."

He was the personification of alertness. But nothing disturbed the profound silence of the night except the rustlings from an adjacent fox.

"I wish I had your foreman's head and for such a foreman said admiringly.

"Oh, well, it's just as I laughed. But there was no regret in his voice."

The foreman signed his name and twelve men filed into the courtroom to announce the one word that would startle every waiting observer its unexpectedness.

Time Pleasures.

IN LOS ANGELES IN THE FIFTIES.

Laura Evertsen King.

Most of the chronicles of early life in Los Angeles which are being published nowadays who lead one to think that the principal pastimes of the were murders and hangings. This is not so. The writers of the chronicles are known to have participated in the life of the city, as they tell, and perhaps, also, their informants were not partakers in the finer social galantries of the day so as to give the sterner executive side of

early days of California were dark and dangerous enough for many, of which were brave spirits among us who were the other side of the story and graciously contributed to it. The life of society in the pueblo in the 50's was that of the best American and California families, and by "Californian" I mean the occasional circuses—"maromas" and picnics were the

young men among us who were musicians, and great rivalry existed who could arrange and carry off the burrowing of the fawn for his "inamorata." Some married friends were counted in on

occasions. On fiesta or saint's days, she was lucky enough to have been known as a "trusty," and for his patron saint was favored with

Louie's Vacation an Elopement.

By Alice Fessenden Peterson.

AN ELOPEMENT.

PEN No. 3, in the Glenallen silver fox ranch, was always the first stopping place for visitors, not because Louie was an especially valuable or beautifully-furred fox, but because from his slate-gray cub days till he grew up into maturity, he was always as tame as a dog, the pet of the ranch.

Louie was an odd stick. Had he been human he would have been a genius, or eccentric, or something out of the ordinary. Black and silver foxes are the shyest creatures in the world, naturally. They belong in the wilderness and their habits are of the wild kindred.

But Louie never showed fear or dislike for humans, and every morning would come trotting out of his hutch for bread and milk

with his peculiar, shrill "yap-yap" for greeting, to jump up on McDonald's knee and gobble his breakfast from the bowl in the keeper's lap. That finished, he would invariably paw around in McDonald's pockets until he found his accustomed dessert of a stick of broken candy. The candy was always insisted upon and was devoured with the greatest gusto.

Louie was not a pure silver fox. His coat, a combination of red and silver fur, had an odd, grizzled appearance, comparatively valueless as a pelt, but containing the black strain prized by Canadian fox ranchers as productive of pups worth thousands of dollars.

"His pelt's worth perhaps ten dollars," McDonald said to the stock company directors who owned the ranch. "But he'd bring a thousand dollars as a breeder, and his board as a pet."

as a pet I wouldn't sell him at any price."

This valuation might have been correct if Louie had showed any intention of raising a family. During hours of midnight prowling and secret burrowing under a board in the corner of his pen he had apparently developed a grudge against his kind. If the beautiful silver vixen in the adjoining pen so much as poked her nose through the wire in his direction Louie bristled like a porcupine and scuttled away into his hutch like a crabbed old bachelor woman-hater.

More than one fox on the ranch had bites to show for trying to scrape acquaintance with Louie.

Finally, after breaking up a ferocious battle, in which Louie secured several mouthfuls of fur and all the honors, McDonald gave it up in disgust and left Louie to earn his board as a pet.

Clearly Louie imagined he was getting higher things than the mink and the percentage of \$5000 black foxes he insisted on establishing himself as a companion and spoiled pet of the keepers with whom he came to be

Most of the day he spent in the sun on the flat top of a small hill just inside the hutch door, or tip of his black nose above the

young men among us who were musicians, and great rivalry existed who could arrange and carry off the burrowing of the fawn for his "inamorata." Some married friends were counted in on

The Ancient Celt in Polynesia. By Edmund Mitchell

NOTABLE DISCOVERIES.

TAHITI at break of dawn! The pilot had climbed aboard and our steamer was moving slowly toward the passage through the reef. After long days on lonely seas of gray monotony, the all-pervading note of green in the landscape came as a positive relief to both eye and mind—the green waters of the lagoon, the green-tufted plumes of coconut palms rimming the shore line, the little valleys smothered in a wealth of tropical vegetation, and, towering precipitously aloft, clustered mountain peaks verdured to their very summits. Green, green—everything vividly green!

"Oh, beautiful Emerald Isle!" I exclaimed in mild poetic fervor induced by the charming color scheme.

"Your honor," bleated a soft, melodious voice at my elbow.

With a start of surprise I swung round to return an Irishman's greeting. But still greater was my amazement when I found the speaker to be, not a son of the true and original Emerald Isle of northern waters, but a bronzed-skinned native clad in a sort of red and white patterned petticoat knotted at the waist, with another garment of much the same kind flung loosely across one shoulder, leaving arms and much of the torso bare. The man had evidently come aboard from the pilot's boat. He had walking sticks to sell, for he held an assorted bunch toward me as once again he murmured in mellifluous Milesian:

"Your honor."

"The top of the morning to you," I responded, unconsciously dropping into the Irish vernacular.

But the sloe-black eyes regarded me uncomprehendingly.

"Bon marche, m'sieu," pleaded the gentle savage as he pressed on me his wares. I had been on the point of looking for a sturdy-knotted blackthorn among the dainty canes. The spell, however, was broken. I remembered I was not in Cork Harbor, but in a French possession in the South Seas, harkening to a full-blooded Polynesian who spoke French with an anaemic French accent and evidently expected a reply in the same tongue.

"Bon jour," I ventured.

"Your honor," came the Irish salutation once again, accompanied by a friendly, if somewhat fatuous, smile.

The perplexed look on my face must have been interpreted as refusal to do business, for, turning away, the bare-footed vender of pseudo-shillalahs moved along the deck in search of a more promising customer.

But my trunk had to be packed, and a minute later I was in my cabin, final preparations for landing in progress and the incident dismissed from mind as a mere trivial happening.

That same evening, standing at the gateway of my hostelry in Papeete, I was regarding with keen interest the passing variegated throng. Glancing along the road I beheld a girl on a bicycle approaching and presenting a picture that would have afforded a splendid subject for an oleograph. The young lady wore a simple white frock gathered at the waist by a band of blue ribbon, and a yellow straw hat festooned with crimson flowers around its ample brim. On the handle-bars of her wheel rested a wealth of other blooms, red, white and blue, interspersed with greenery.

"A nymph from the woods," was my thought, as the polychromatic vision glided nearer and nearer.

I could distinguish now the delicately-molded features, their beauty enhanced by the satiny softness of a *cafe-au-lait* complexion, and I knew the bewitching figure for a native belle despite her European clothes and bicyclette. She had intercepted my admiring glance and recognized me as a newcomer to the island, for with sylph-like grace she jumped to the ground and pressed into my hands a generous bouquet of gorgeous and heavily-perfumed flowers. Her smile was delightfully frank and innocent as she accompanied gift with greeting:

"Your honor."

Blushing from confusion, bewildered by her sweet courtesy and radio-active charms, I gave her back her own gracious salute:

"Your honor," was my foolish stammered reply.

But it served, for with another captivat-

ing smile and a dainty little gesture of hand upraised, the damsel slipped back into her saddle and skimmed away like a gaily-plumaged bird into the gathering evening shades.

"A dash of the Chink in that girl," remarked one of the hotel guests as I stepped on to the veranda with my floral prize. I had made his acquaintance during the afternoon and gleaned his story—he was a young fellow from Australia, son of a wealthy pastoralist, and having recently recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, was now recuperating in this mild insular climate on run punches and other tropical diversions.

Through the bushes of tiare and frangipani he had witnessed the scene on the road. A broad grin developed on his countenance when he saw my trembling fingers press the bouquet to my breast.

"A dash of the Chink?" I answered. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, didn't you notice the slant of her eyes? A Chinaman's her father, you may bank on that. They own the trade of the island and get all the prettiest native girls for wives."

Thus early was I beginning to learn the intimate side of life in Tahiti. But one thing still perplexed me.

"Then where did she get her Irish accent?" I inquired.

It was the other's turn to look puzzled.

"What the dickens are you driving at?" he asked.

"She addressed me as 'Your Honor.' Is not that Irish enough for you?"

The Australian laughed loud and long.

"Not 'Your Honor,' man," he at last explained. "She said 'Iorana'—the native form of greeting. Didn't you know that?"

I confessed to my ignorance and departed in quest of a flower vase and a water bottle. And while arranging my bouquet for as enduring preservation as might be, I smiled at the egregious blunder I had now on two different occasions committed.

Yet somehow in the days that followed, when the word "Iorana" fell on my ears at every turn, from the lips of copper-hued man, woman and child, I could never hear it without thinking of Paddy in his far-off Emerald Isle.

Tahiti and Ireland—both emerald isles, and each with the same form of courteous greeting! There must be something more than mere coincidence in all this. And oftentimes memory conjured back the picture of the pretty girl on the bicyclette from whose lips the words had fallen so melodiously. Ah, those soft-sawdering Irishmen were the boys to blarney and make love, and some of them years ago must have been attracted to this fair tropical island and started the honeyed salutation. "Iorana," "Your Honor,"—the expressions were almost identical in sound and obviously identical in origin; for your philologist takes no stock of an intrusive "y" or "h" when nosing for a derivative.

So I took a leaf out of Paddy's book, and never a dusky colleen went by clothed in a smile and more or less scanty and diaphanous garments but I gave her "Your Honor" with true Hibernian fervency and unctuousness. They all looked pleased, returned the courtesy, and passed on—sometimes, I fancied, a trifle lingeringly. And I blessed the Irish boys and the seductive Irish brogue they had left behind them and which I had adroitly borrowed for the occasion.

And as day succeeded day, surprise accumulated upon surprise. I found that there were no snakes in Tahiti, also that pigs abounded everywhere, even sharing the family cabins of their owners. The association in my mind between Ireland and Tahiti was growing closer and closer. But as yet I did not realize that I was already trembling on the verge of a great ethnological discovery.

Then all of a sudden one day, when I was standing amid a clump of cocoa-nut palms—when a brown little naked boy had said "Iorana" and a black, little pig had scampered away from my intruding presence with a grunt of protest—there came to me a flash of inspiration. Hitherto I had been thinking only of the modern Irishman. But now the ancient Hibernian smote my vision—the men who had ante-dated even Brian Boru of medieval renown by centuries and cycles of centuries—the Celts of prehistoric ages.

Hooroosh! The vexed problem of the origin of the South Sea Islanders was at last solved. The Tahitians were Celts, descendants of adventurous Irishmen who in distant times had sailed to these tropical islands carrying with them their favorite domestic animal, their language, their innate courtesy and soft insinuating ways.

When this astounding discovery burst upon me with conclusive force, I felt as did Watt when he first saw the steam-driven wheels go round or Graham Bell when the first answering voice came back along the telephone wire. And during my prolonged stay in Tahiti, my subsequent wanderings to other and far-away South Sea Islands, my patient researches among the Maoris of New Zealand and adventurous journeys to the bush abodes of unclothed Australian aborigines, once the main logical induction had been duly arrived at it was merely a case of piling proof upon proof to establish its truth with mathematical certitude.

A Scot myself, I had been somewhat reluctantly compelled at the outset of my investigations to award the palm exclusively to my Irish cousins. But it was only by broadening the basis of my thesis, and by pushing back the South Sea invasion to a sufficiently remote period when Scot and Irishman were one, ere the disastrous split into separate and oftentimes hostile Celtic septs—Irish, Scots, Welsh, Manx, Cornishmen and Bretons—had yet begun, that I was enabled to prove to my entire satisfaction the Celtic ancestry of the peoples of Polynesia.

Take the matter of garments, for example. Just recall my picture of the vender of walking sticks on board the deck of our incoming steamer. The kilt and plaid, nothing more nor less, of my Scottish forefathers! The sporran and the cairngorm shoulder-brooch have been lost during the progress of the centuries. But the essentials remain, with even a traceable survival of the old tartan designs in the cotton materials which for climatic reasons have taken the place of the woolen homespuns of the rugged northland.

Yes, and not only the Highland costumes, but the Highland clan system. This system, as established and perpetuated in Tahiti by the ancient Celtic adventurers, I was enabled to study at the home of my friend, Tati Salmon, chief of the Tevas. The Tevas hold their lands in common and their chieftain in the most profound veneration. Up to the time of the French occupation they used to be engaged in perpetual and bloody feuds with the neighboring clans. Indeed all the island clans periodically "lifted" one another's pigs and sweet potatoes just as the Scottish Highlanders "lifted" one another's cattle. It was a case of foray and fighting all the time, in medieval Tahiti just as in medieval Caledonia. The analogy is complete and convincing.

And the name of the Teva clan itself—this commands attention. My philological researches show that the name was originally Mateva. Now we know that the "k" in the Hawaiian dialect of the Polynesian language is dropped in the Tahitian dialect. For example, the intoxicating drink both races indulge in—the hereditary whisky habit, be it observed, of both Scots and Irish—is known as "kava" in Honolulu and as "ava" in Tahiti. "Mateva" was therefore originally "Makteva," and here we have clearly one of the Celtic clan names. The Tevas or Maktevas of Tahiti can only be descended from the same stock as the Clan MacTavish of Scotland, some hardy voyager of that ilk reaching Tahiti by way of Hawaii and dropping the "k" from his name only after he had left the more northerly group of islands. Grimm's law's not more conclusive in its etymological deductions.

When I had made this quite clear to my learned friend Tati Salmon, we shook hands as brother Scots—"brother Scots," I should write it. And to celebrate my wonderful discovery, he straightway prepared in true Hibernian fashion a great banquet and a great gathering of the singers of his clan.

Never shall I forget that night beneath the wide-spread bougainvillia which forms a superb portico to Chief Salmon's ancestral home at Papara. We had dined on all the many succulent dainties the island affords, including the invariable dish of honor, sucking pig cooked in an earth oven together with yams, taro roots and fel or wild

bananas—a dish fit for the gods themselves. Then to crown the evening had been palm-tree salad, made of the white delicate heart of the tree whence springs the tattooed heart of the gastronomic souvenir of a lifetime. Close upon 10 o'clock when the entertainer led the way from the veranda on the ocean side of the spacious open-air room, mountains and canopied by the blooms of the giant banyan.

There, dimly revealed by shafts of the full moon through the leafy interstices, were more than a hundred singers, men and women, under the encompassing trees. Clumps of shrubbery were scattered here and there, so that the mothers as well as the fathers might enjoy the nocturnal performances.

And such singing, such singing! Such kind I had never before heard. Equal this vocal performance there was the song of gods and while the voices rolled forth in words and impassioned music of Tati, tall and handsome, a chieftain among his devotees, more than this—a prince among men, the gracious and dignified bear of fame, master of all the European languages as well as of the Polynesian tongue, old-time friend of Louis Stevenson, the most beloved today in all the South Sea islands to the chief!" My whole being was moved by the sentiment, and as the singer and my great ethnologist recurred to mind, I was reminded of ancient Celtic consumption.

Even here, beneath the moon, the proofs were clear. "The Gathering of the Clans, the Departing Canoe," "The Warriors"—these were the words. And were they not just the words that are today preserved in the Highlands of Scotland? "Donald Dhu!"—Great Scot, the skinned Tahitians were not in the same words or exactly the same meaning as the Celts. Ill and the spirit of the old song were there. And my heart gladdened when, at the end of the song, the drone of the bagpipes till a woman's voice sang the next stanza and the whole choir joined in again. The bagpipes! Again I was reminded of the prolonged drone, I mean the bagpipes!

Yet another conclusive analogy! I was deeply agitated by the close of the chant, with the sound of the prolonged drone, I mean the bagpipes!

"Where are your pipes?" I asked, seeing them.

"There are no pipes," he answered.

"But I heard the drone."

"Wait a minute. I will play the next song, come with me."

So, when the night was at its height, I rose once more, I ascended the far end of the flowered veranda, there in the last row of the veranda, perhaps a dozen men, their bodies forward and their voices rising from abdominal tones I had many a time heard in the days on the heathered hills of Scotland.

I could have wept in that moment of emotion. It was not the sound that had deeply stirred me, but the hard, stern, Aberdeen accent that was overpowering me. Old Celts had brought their language to the South Seas, and while it was no doubt of tempest and strife that had lost the actual instruments of music, with indomitable Celts they had preserved the language through their Tahitian descendants.

Out in the moonlight I saw Tati Salmon, and, sharing his enthusiasm, I ascended the steps to the sanctum sanctorum, where we



Edmund Mitchell as Tati Salmon

in evolution - from cost-rander.



Mr. Mitchell addressing

and Mitchell

bananas—a dish fit for the gods of the gods. Then to crown the feast there was palm-tree salad, made from the white delicate heart of the tree and whence springs the tufted flower, a gastronomic souvenir of a lifetime. Close upon 10 o'clock when my entertainer led the way from the long veranda on the ocean side of his spacious open-air veranda high in the mountains and canopied by the rich blooms of the giant bougainvillea.

There, dimly revealed by the shafts of the full moon passing leafy laterices, were massed a hundred singers, men and women, under the encompassing trees and clumps of shrubbery were all of the clan, come to hear the mothers even their sleeping babies bid so that the mothers as well as the might enjoy the nocturnal harping.

And such singing, such harping, kind I had never before heard and equal this vocal performance. There was the song of greeting to the and while the voices rolled forth the words and impassioned music, then Tati, tall and handsome, assuredly chieftain among his devoted clan, more than this—a prince among men, the gracious and dignified host, of fame, master of all the European languages as well as of his own tongue, old-time friend of Louis Stevenson, the most striking today in all the South Sea Islands, to the chief! "My whole heart is in the sentiment, and as the singing goes on and my great ethnological theory comes to mind. I was proud indeed of ancient Celtic consanguinity.

Even here, beneath the light of the moon, the proofs were still of "The Gathering of the Clans," "The Departing Canoes," "The Celtic Warriors"—these were seen in the And were they not just the same as are today preserved in the Highlands of Scotland? "Donald Dhu!"—Great Scott, if these skinned Tahitians were not the same words or exactly the same spirit and the spirit of the old Celtic song were there. And my heart sang when, at the end of each song, the drone of the bagpipes came in again. The bagpipes! Again I waited; again the bagpipes! Again I waited; again the bagpipes!

Yet another conclusive proof of my theory! I was deeply agitated by the close of the chant, with the last note of the prolonged drone, I turned to see them.

"Where are your pipers, chief?" I asked.

"There are no pipers," he answered.

"But I heard the drone of the bagpipes," I persisted.

"Wait a minute. After they sing the next song, come with me."

So, when the mighty crew of those once more, I accompanied the far end of the flower-canopied veranda in the last row of the perhaps a dozen men, squatted on the ground, slowly moving their bodies forward and as they did so, from abdominal depths, I had many a time heard them sing on the heather-clad hills of Scotland.

I could have wept in the intense emotion. It was not the words that had deeply stirred me. It was the hard, stern, Aberdeen University Celts had brought their battle-hymns from the South Seas, and while in the no doubt of tempest and wind, not the actual instruments of music, with indomitable Celtic spirit, they had preserved the drone of it down from generation to generation through their Tahitian descendants.

Out in the moonlight I explored Tati Samoa, and, sharing in his enthusiasm, the chief of the Polynesians there and then led me to the sanctum sanctorum, where we



Edmund Mitchell as a sub-chief of the Tahitian Clan Mac Tavish.



Mr. Mitchell photographing his Celtic cousins in mid-Australia.



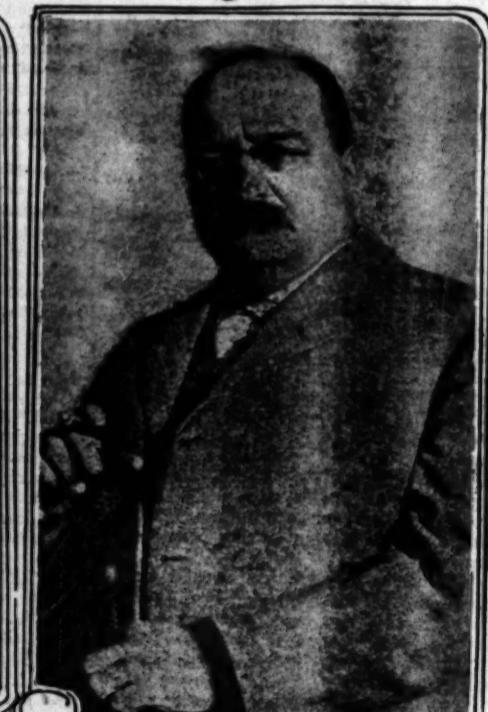
In evolution—from boomerang to



Studying the Scotch sword dance among the Maoris.



Mr. Mitchell addressing the Maori Celtic Club of Ohinemutu.



Edmund Mitchell

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Sectodes Gathered
from Many Sources.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

A FINICKY GUEST.

WARREN had just started to dress when Helen tapped at his door.

"Dear, come open the wine first—

I can't pronounce, whereat an anecdote was exploded by Congress.

T. Webb of North Carolina.

at the cigar store some time ago.

Congressman said, the regulars

have never served so many courses

bearing about the war and remarked

he to pronounce the Russian name

a name, who was sitting next

to him, don't get her rattled. Here, this

isn't so good. Hold on—I can make

you put the sauté back on the ice,

and further instructions to Emma,

she should not have attempted

it course—it was too much for one

and they had invited Mr. Leonard,

Warren's best clients, Helen wanted

a somewhat pretentious dinner.

Curtis, I don't put on knives for

me, do it?" called Emma.

into the dining-room half-dressed—

relish, fish, roast and salad—

four forks at each place. No

better knife beside the bread-and-

plate—this way. Oh, Emma, it's

you should have had this table set

all right, ma'am; I've got everything

ready."

half-hour was an anxious one,

promptly at 7 the Leonards were

the dinner was far from being

served. But Helen knew that to

her Emma now would only flus-

h, too. They kept the leg sit,

very high and turned the toe well out

their heads were bent gravely,

angle, toward the German

"The only trouble was they

They brought down their hands

one, two; one, two—in the same

way remained quite stationary.

"The officer smiled. 'What are you

boys?' he said.

"Then the leader of the Belgian

and answered:

"We are playing that we're the

searching on Paris. This is the way

keep perfectly still—isn't it?"—

Telegraph.

* * *

Willie came home from school

bitterly. "Mother," he said,

not going to try and be good again.

"Why, Willie, whatever is the matter?"

inquired his mother.

"Hoo! hoo!" sobbed Willie. I

school today, and I—I saw Tully

beat pin on the t-teacher's desk,

because I did not want teacher to

be pin—I pulled his chair away,

Year, I love you so,

you spread fresh highways for

pulling his chair away, when he

and when I got outside the school

Smith hit me for pulling the pin,

and not mindin' my own business."

"I'm not mindin' my own business."

Sanitation as an Element in Egg Production.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

HELPS IN QUALITY.

THAT the production of a prime quality of hen fruit is largely the result of wholesome feeding, conditions and environment answering to the requirements of good sanitation and cleanliness has long been recognized by experienced poultry breeders. The third element in the triumvirate that stands for success is, of course, good stock answering to standard requirements. In verification of this, the writer was much interested in the following incident related to him by so good an authority as L. C. Byce, the Nestor of the poultry industry of Petaluma:

"I never tasted finer eggs," said Mr. Byce, "than during my attendance at a late Santa Cruz poultry show. Indeed, so pronounced was the flavor and eating quality that I determined to know more about them, and from whose yards they were secured. So I went to my landlord to learn where he purchased his hen fruit. Having gained this information, I soon found my man, and saw just what I expected. On this model plant cleanliness prevailed everywhere. Scratching facilities were a pronounced feature, which is an essential often neglected by breeders. For your hen must work to maintain a physical condition for doing good business at the old stand. Houses were in fine condition, and the flocks of White Leghorns—(some 500 in number)—were of fine quality and free from vermin and disease. The feeding was along practical lines, showing a wholesome and well-balanced ration based on available supplies at the Santa Cruz markets. Here again cleanliness was the distinguishing feature—clean grains, clean and pure green foods, wholesome animal food, clear-cut grit, and all the little attentions that stand for success. So pronounced was this that the owner is enabled to realize a comfortable living from his fowl, while his products command a premium over the ruling prices in the local markets. The points brought out in this experience are that poultry culture is not a problem in the abstract sciences, but a matter of close attention to details—an observation of the rules of cleanliness from within as well as from without. You cannot build a silk purse out of a sow's ear, neither is it feasible to grow fine hen fruit and good carcass in filthy quarters, nor by feeding contaminated and cheap feeding-stuffs. Simple, isn't it? Yet how many have failed with the American business hen, by failing to observe basic principles!"

Managing the Family Flock.

The article on "How to Set Eggs in Winter," appearing in The Times Illustrated Weekly for November 21, has called out a number of letters from readers detailing experiences and methods in feeding and managing fowl for egg-laying. For the most part these are from city and suburban poultry yards, where the number of fowl kept is not large, and hence voice practices and experiences covering family flocks, rather than large commercial plants. Space will not permit publishing all of them, nevertheless we give place to a short practical talk from Mrs. C. A. Richey, based on her experiences and the results attained by her methods:

"Feeding and managing a flock of hens so that winter eggs will result is certainly some problem, or the old-time poultry breeders would be sending plenty of eggs to market at that season of the year. Under such conditions we would probably be receiving no more for our product in winter than in the spring and summer. So after all there is for the hens a season of prolific egg production and one of a diminishing capacity. In spite of this, however, one can maintain egg-production covering the year to offset the extra trouble and attention. Just now I am able to induce my hens to lay quite well, the larger number of eggs harvested being sold for hatching and for incubation to replenish my own flock. Naturally I do not get so many as in the spring, still the number realized more than compensates for the extra care and attention."

"Possibly a word as to conditions and environments, feeding and management with my fowl may be of service to others similarly situated. Rice as an article of food for poultry is extensively used in China; but in this country, owing to the want of sufficient quantities available at a price that will warrant its use, it has commanded but little attention from poultrymen. The broken grains have, however, found some use in chick-feed mixtures; especially is this true of those put up in the Gulf States, and of later years in Texas. Now that rice culture has gained some foothold in the Sac-



A FINE TYPE OF BROODER HOUSE.

Southern California enjoys a number of quite pretentious establishments that make an exclusive business of growing pullets to a certain age, both on contract and for open sale, to the egg farm people. The illustration pictures one of the better class, capable of holding 6800 chicks in sixty-eight individual compartments or "runs." This house enjoys a fine hot water system, heated by distillate fed through hollow wire to the boiler.

larly situated. In the first place I have a clean, dry and sanitary pen for the birds to scratch in, 8x8 feet, under a long shed roof with a cement floor, a twelve-inch board in front which gives them exercise jumping backward and forward from scratching pen to run, with the dropping board and roosts along the back; the pen itself filled with straw about six or eight inches deep. When the straw is all worked into dust and dirt I replace it, putting the refuse on my garden for fertilizer. In the evening I feed a mixture of grain, hulled barley, kafir corn, wheat and a few sunflower seeds in this scratching material. Cold nights I always add a third cracked corn, and if very cold, whole corn. I feed plentifully so there will be some left over for the morning, hence I don't have to worry about getting out early for the morning feed. I always feed about an hour before sundown so they get warmed up scratching for the grain and also become fully satisfied. Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning I give a warm mash of steamed barley, which at present is cheaper than oats. I use the latter when they are as cheap as the former. I pour boiling water on half a bucket of rolled barley, cover with a lid for half an hour, then add one pint alfalfa meal, one-quarter pint of buckwheat flour (the pure buckwheat, not that prepared for calves) one-half pint feed meal (corn meal), then bran until I have a crumbly mass all worked well together—a pinch of salt, and a little red pepper in rainy weather only, and sometimes I put in a good handful of meal. This fourteen-quart bucket of mash I divide among seventy to seventy-five hens.

"About noon, unless the weather prevents, I give fresh green stuff, kale, Swiss chard, stock beets (cut in two,) Essex rape or carrot tops, and sprouted barley or oats. I would give lawn clippings sometimes if available, which make an excellent green food. I cut young green alfalfa, and every day I wash out the drinking crocks, which hold plenty of water; but, above all, I keep their houses and yards clean and sanitary. Under these conditions and treatment I have been fairly successful in maintaining a paying egg-yield during our rainy or winter months."

Damaged Rice as a Poultry Food.

Rice as an article of food for poultry is extensively used in China; but in this country, owing to the want of sufficient quantities available at a price that will warrant its use, it has commanded but little attention from poultrymen. The broken grains have, however, found some use in chick-feed mixtures; especially is this true of those put up in the Gulf States, and of later years in Texas. Now that rice culture has gained some foothold in the Sac-

ramento Valley its use as a poultry food may find a wider use. Breeders in the region of San Francisco Bay have now and then been able to make purchases of broken grains and under-grade quality rice at figures rendering it available for their purposes. This grain is especially rich in starch, the percentage being about 75. The hulls are so woody as to be of little value for feeding; rice bran, composed of the outside of the grain and portions of the germ, has a moderate feeding value; rice powder or flour has nutritive elements of real merit, which in a large measure accounts for the fact that in China it is fed in the shape of paddy (unhusked.) The economical thing, if rice is used at all, is to secure the broken grains or slightly damaged at a price that will make it available and corresponding to its feeding value.

Economic Changes Overseas.

Recent information gleaned from the poultry and agricultural papers of England clearly indicates economic and commercial changes in utility poultry in that country. The price has advanced in London until eggs are selling at 6 cents apiece, and this, too, just at the season of the year when they are most plentifully produced on the farms of Great Britain. England imports immense quantities of eggs from Russia, and lesser amounts from Germany, Austria and Italy. With these countries in a state of war, supplies from that quarter have been greatly lessened, if not practically cut off. This has led to a greater activity in poultry culture on the farms of England, which though of some moment, is entirely inadequate to even supply a diminished demand owing to present high prices. In this contingency England will undoubtedly draw supplies from her colonies, notably Australia and Canada, both of which enjoy a considerable production in poultry products. This, in turn, must have a tendency to stiffen prices in the United States, espe-

cially if the war shall be prolonged, of which leads us to predict that the coming season. We are also of the opinion that from now on the importation of eggs from China will continue and more a negligible quantity will continue. While feeding-stuffs are higher in price, and may continue correspondingly, nevertheless, we are of the opinion that the poultry breeder who is governed by conditions and the supply and demand, is facing a hard man at good prices for his products.

Nature's Way of Fighting Insects.

There is a tendency to strengthen them in the mind, and we look for an ever-increasing popularity for this practical fowl. And if you are a novice at the game, did it ever occur to you that today's way of eliminating insects from her body? Hens are too sensitive to lay in soft, moist dirt, literally covering their bodies and allowing the parasites to sift down through the feathers. And if you are a novice at the game, have a wide latitude in which to lay in cold and damp situations, the contrary, they select a pleasant comfort of body and a cool, friable soil. Now in a state of nature, have a wide latitude in which to lay in the dust bath; in confinement, the dust bath supplies it. In our dry soil, it is easy by simply irrigating a soil and when sufficiently dried out, to lay it up thoroughly and the dust supplied. If this is not feasible, take moderate size, fill it with moistened earth, place in a corner, and notice how fowl only dust bath is the bathtub of fowl. It is that your birds have their during these dry summer days.

From Far and Near.

The following contribution to this department, John D. Mercer, one of the oldest and most experienced breeders in Southern California and a leading fancier of choice poultry, makes some nice points for transferring the Cornish from the Oriental class (where it now stands) to the English class. In addition to his remarks for doing so, he also tells how the Cornish classes came to be given general names:

Recently the Brazilian Society held its first annual meeting at Rio de Janeiro, and the fowl might be expressed in one word, "Cornish." For the last hundred years the Cornish have produced the best table fowl, and the Cornish they have outdone themselves and produced a breed that excels all others for the table. The world has ever known the English are experts in shape, and color, but so are fanciers of other varieties. It is only in meat-producing poultry that they stand supreme, and meat producing fowls the Cornish best. The breed was made in Great Britain by Englishmen, from stock found in China. Lewis Wright tells us in his book on the penciling of the Cornish was done by crossing with the English. If they are not English, what are

the typical English fowl? The Cornish might be expressed in one word, "Cornish." For the last hundred years the Cornish have produced the best table fowl, and the Cornish they have outdone themselves and produced a breed that excels all others for the table. The world has ever known the English are experts in shape, and color, but so are fanciers of other varieties. It is only in meat-producing poultry that they stand supreme, and meat producing fowls the Cornish best. The breed was made in Great Britain by Englishmen, from stock found in China. Lewis Wright tells us in his book on the penciling of the Cornish was done by crossing with the English. If they are not English, what are

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duction.

ally if the war shall be prolonged, which leads us to predict that the eggs and carcass will be good for the season. We are also of the opinion that from now on the imports from China will continue to be more a negligible quantity than a few poultry products?"

"What about restoring the tariff from home to learn the news?" The Poultry Journal (Chicago) is for the statement that F. M. H. from California, is preparing the poultry breeder who is interested in the conditions and the law of supply and demand, is facing a healthy and good prices for his products.

ture's Way of Fighting Insect Pests

Did you ever notice how fowl love

in soft, moist dirt, literally throwing

their bodies and allowing the

to sift down through the

if you are a novice at the poultry

it ever occur to you that this was

in a way of eliminating injurious

on her body? Hens are too wise

in wet dirt; too sensible to hide

in cold and damp situations; but

contrary, they select a situation

of comfort of body and a cool, moist

soil. Now in a state of nature

we a wide latitude in which to

the dust bath; in confinement the

supplies it. In our dry summer

easy by simply irrigating a small

when sufficiently dried of spots

thoroughly and the dust bath is

ed. If this is not feasible, take a

moderate size, fill it with moist and

soil, place in a convenient place,

and notice how fowl enjoy it.

that your birds have theirs, especially

these dry summer days.

Far and Near.

Recently the Brazilian Society of

held its first annual poultry

Rio de Janeiro, and the first in

breeds were well represented, and

that the Orpingtons and Hens

good quality. With the European

offering with trade and commerce,

to be a good market for Cali-

flock stock and American poultry

in that country.

On October 10 there arrived at the

Seattle from China 3500 tons of

eggs, the latter removed from the

placed in hermetically-sealed

ty-four pounds capacity. The total



Don't Neglect Your Hens
the summer. Try our Cornish Hens
Feeding as described in our book
"Hens from Shell to Market."

Cookson Co., Pasadena, Cal.



**Hauser's
Organic Fertilizer**

HIGH GRADE
Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.

Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal.

Ground Sheep Manure.

Commercial Fertilizer.

Commercial Fertilizer.

Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid.

Organic sources only.

Car Loads or Less. Write for price.

HAUSER PACKING CO.

LOS ANGELES

Highway 220.

FOR FIGHTING FIES THE
GARSTANG GRASS BUREAU

the city lot owner, or rancher.

Fighting dangerous and

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Railroad Constipation.

FEW people seem to realize that railroad journeys, even those lasting only three or four hours, are constipating to most persons. The constipating effect is due to the constant jarring of the coaches which stops, or lessens, the muscular contractions in the walls of the intestines. As these contractions are necessary for the movement of the intestinal contents, anything that inhibits them produces a condition of stasis and constipation.

This condition may last a day or two; but it usually corrects itself on long journeys, such as trips from coast to coast, because on these journeys the system has an opportunity to adjust itself to the unnatural jarring. Before this adjustment has taken place, however, the traveler is likely to suffer from headache and other discomforts attendant upon constipation, either during the journey itself, or immediately after. Children are affected as well as adults.

It is a wise precaution, therefore, to take some form of laxative before starting on a railroad journey of any considerable length. Any one of the half-dozen vegetable laxatives will do, preferably the one found by experience to be most satisfactory. But failing in this, a Seidlitz powder taken during the journey or immediately after, is usually effective. These simple measures will prevent the familiar "car headache" in most instances.

Persons accustomed to railroading are not affected by the unnatural jarring. Indeed, some railroad men suffer from constipation when not making their customary runs.

Drink Water—Plenty of It.

Most persons, particularly those whose occupations do not necessitate vigorous bodily exercise, drink too little water.

It is generally known, of course, that persons who are rheumatic, or subject to neuralgia, or constipation, are benefited by copious water-drinking. But there are many other persons with symptoms much less pronounced, who would be benefited by a similar routine.

This is readily understood when we consider that every portion of our bodies is composed of cells—billions of them in each cubic inch—and that each cell must be bathed constantly in fluids in order to live. The basis of all these fluids is water. And this water must be changed and replenished often if the cells are to be kept in a healthy condition.

When persons take vigorous exercise the cells of their bodies use up the surrounding fluids rapidly and demand a fresh supply. The demand is expressed in the sensation of thirst. And thus the individual is stimulated to drink the amount of water essential to good health. But the person of sedentary habits does not have this insistent demand thrust upon him, and as a result his cells are bathed constantly in stagnant fluids and prevented from performing their normal functions vigorously. This produces all manner of bodily ailments, ranging in severity from indefinite feelings of discomfort and depression to actual systemic diseases.

Persons who wish to keep "up to the mark" should drink water systematically regardless of the feeling of actual thirst—before breakfast, between meals, and at bedtime.

Is Bright's Disease Increasing?

"Every disease, like every dog, has its day; and this appears to be the day of Bright's disease," says Woods Hutchinson. But he goes on to say that this seeming increase is only apparent, due largely to the fact that our modern habit of taking out life insurance has led to the detection of many cases of kidney trouble which have hitherto escaped attention for years.

A generation ago almost any affection of the kidneys which caused albumin to appear in the urine was considered incurable. "Nowadays," says the doctor, "although the presence of albumin in the urine is always a serious and disquieting symptom, yet it does not inspire the terror-stricken panic which it used to cause. We know what a great number of different influences may cause albumin to appear temporarily in the

urine, so that a large number of cases of albuminuria are curable, or will get well of themselves.

"Even if albumin persists in the urine, it may be only due to an inflammation or damage of a small part of one kidney, and the kidney has wonderful powers of compensation, especially when assisted by the skin and liver. So that by skillful utilization of all the reserve powers of nature, by dieting, bathing, sweating, and the sparing use of certain helpful drugs, especially purges, we can hold the situation in balance, and keep the blood sufficiently purified for years and even decades; in fact, until the patient dies of something else."

Sciatica, Sore Muscles, and Bad Teeth.

Every day it is becoming more apparent that our teeth, both coming and going, are responsible for a large proportion of our bodily ills and discomforts. Having made life miserable for the first three years of our existence by the pain of their energetic sprouting, they forthwith start a campaign of torture—aching nerve roots, swollen jaws, and excruciating drillings or extractions, with an occasional variation in the form of ulceration or abscess.

But these are merely the direct effects of their machinations. Meanwhile, they are actively engaged in producing all manner of other diseases covering a whole coterie of ailments from sore muscles to sciatica and tic douloureux.

A member of the New York Neurological Institute recently reported a series of cases of nervous disorders which recovered promptly when diseased teeth were either extracted or properly treated. For example, one patient complained of "pins and needles" sensation in hands and feet, pain and tenderness in the muscles of the legs, points that were painful to the touch all along the spine, and mental irritation bordering closely on actual insanity. Her teeth were in bad condition. But three weeks of energetic treatment not only cured the teeth, but all the other aches and ailments as well.

Other cases that were cured by treating the teeth were sciaticas, painful joints, and throbbing neuralgias in various nerves. From all of which it is obvious, since we cannot prevent teeth from growing, or decaying after they have grown, that it is advisable to take them to a good dentist occasionally, and give them intelligent home-treatment between times if we expect to maintain a reasonably comfortable existence.

Testing Drugs on Plants.

An English scientist has concluded a series of drug tests on plants which demonstrate that the motile organs of certain plants are affected by medicines and electricity in much the same manner as animal tissues. "The rhythmic pulsations seen in the motile organ of the desmodium were physiologically in every way closely analogous to those observed in the hearts of animals," says the official report of the experiments. "Chemical agents such as carbon dioxide, chloroform, etc., which are depressants to man, were found also to be depressants to plants. Acids and alkalies produced similar effects on the contraction of the animal heart and the contractile organ of the desmodium. The importance of dose, of concentration, of the agents which were used in the study of plant reactions were quite as great as that in animal studies, and depressant drugs were found to be stimulant when given in very small amounts to plants, just as is the case with animals."

Moreover, it was found that the plant, like the animal, becomes fatigued by the action of a drug after a certain time, and can be killed by overdosage.

The practical use of this discovery is obvious, if new drugs, or suspected poisons may be tested on plants, as the discoverer asserts they may. It also offers further evidence of the close relationship between man and the lower orders of life.

Bare Feet and Lockjaw.

A reader of this magazine has asked for an explanation of the fact that wounds to bare feet are much more likely to produce

lockjaw than wounds to other parts of the body.

Simply stated, lockjaw develops from foot wounds because the feet come in contact with dirt, and dirt swarms with lockjaw germs. But the manner in which these germs get into the dirt is a recent discovery.

It appears that these germs live and thrive in the intestinal canal of the horse, and are scattered broadcast in the natural excrement. In this manner they are distributed about stables, roads, and fields, and swarm in the dust of roads where there is heavy horse traffic.

Virgin fields are practically free from them, but they abound in well-fertilized garden plots and lawns. This explains why children who run about barefooted on dusty roads, or even cultivated fields, are more likely to be infected than city children playing on well-swept streets.

The passing of the horse from city streets and country highways will eliminate the danger from these sources of infection.

Granulating Lids—Trachoma.

"Granular eyelids," which were once thought scarcely more harmful than a severe cold, are now known to be the cause of an enormously high percentage of blindness. Eighteen per cent. of all blindness in Russia is due to this disease. One thousand cases a year are treated for it in the Lemberg Hospital. In Japan, 23 per cent. of the recruits are afflicted with it. More than 27 per cent. of our Western Indians are infected with this disease. And even among the white population of this country this condition is responsible for a large proportion of all chronic eye troubles.

The peculiarly distressing feature of trachoma is that it lasts a lifetime if untreated; and even after the victim becomes blind from its effects, his infected lids continue to scatter their contagion broadcast. Children are especially likely to spread the infection through carelessness in rubbing the smarting or itching eyes, and subsequent handling of articles about rooms where there are other children.

It should not be understood that every case of "red lids," or even granular lids, is a case of trachoma. But every inflamed eyelid should be regarded with suspicion until passed upon by an expert. And there should be no delay in seeking this expert opinion; for each day of delay in beginning treatment increases the chances of permanent eye injury.

Absolute cleanliness is the best safeguard against the disease; and this involves such precautions as never rubbing the eye with the finger, or drying the face with a towel that has been used by another person.

Agar-Agar for Constipation.

Agar-agar, a vegetable gelatin prepared from seaweed in India and Ceylon, and known popularly as "Japanese gelatin," is a valuable remedy in certain forms of constipation. It is a tasteless substance, resembling ordinary gelatin in appearance, which may be used as thickening for soups, or taken in one of a dozen different ways.

When used to correct constipation it acts as a natural laxative by supplying bulk to the contents of the intestine. And it is only effective in cases where this bulk is not supplied by food—that is, where the diet lacks the proper amount of fibrous vegetables. In such cases the agar-agar supplies the quantity of substance which is necessary to normal intestinal movement.

This vegetable gelatin does not act as a food, as it is not absorbed. But even a small quantity swells to several times its original size in the intestines, and thus assists in a purely mechanical way.

Ordinarily a teaspoonful taken at meal-time suffices, but the exact amount should be determined by experiment, as there is no danger of overdosage. It may be mixed with sauces, dishes of stewed fruit, or cereals, or taken in its natural form.

Locating Bullets with Electricity.

In our Civil War the presence and location of a bullet in a wound had to be determined by probing. But in the present war this ancient method has been replaced by the X-ray.

The X-ray apparatus, however, is neces-

sarily so large and cumbersome that its use is restricted largely to the field. In battle fronts extending miles, therefore, it is quite impossible to utilize this scientific device in all emergency cases.

But recently a European inventor has effected a pocket instrument for detecting bullets or metal fragments which meets all practical requirements. It consists of a pair of telephone receivers attached to a metal plate and enclosed in a dry cell. To detect the bullet the operator puts the receivers to his ears and holds the metal plate against the body. The region where the bullet is supposed to be. If a bullet is in the supposed place, a peculiar sound is heard, which increases in intensity as the plate approaches the bullet, and diminishes as it moves away.

By making his examinations from different places on the body surface the operator is able to locate the bullet with exactness for surgical purposes. He also determine the character of the bullet, at least to the extent of whether it is a lead sharpened bullet or a metal-jacketed rifle bullet. He does this by noting the quality of the sound produced in the instrument; the vibrations produced by steel-jacketed bullets have a higher pitch than those of lead bullets.

On one such occasion I did the examination 1000 times. No lost time there. I said to the business man or clerk "You have been sitting a long time. You are tired, mentally. You have something to be done while you are here. Here's another opportunity for the exercise as shown in Figs. 33 and 39—take fifty times every morning."

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The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes

"Home,

Landscape Gardening HOW A KNOWLEDGE OF IT IS TO BE ACQUIRED.

THE EDITOR of this department is often in receipt of letters from young men who are looking for an opportunity to study practical landscape gardening, more especially the drawing of landscape and garden plans. Some of these are unschooled, while others (in the majority) are graduates of colleges, having taken various courses in horticulture, etc. The editor of the Florist's Exchange, a leading trade paper published in New York, has had similar experiences, so wrote to two of the largest correspondence schools in the country. The first replied that they had no specific course on landscape gardening but had courses in surveying, perspective drawing, etc., "which should be of considerable assistance to one who expects to lay out an estate." The second reply reads thus:

"Our course in landscape gardening is intended to give the planters of home grounds some knowledge of the elementary principles of landscape gardening. It was considered by those who started the course that it was impracticable to give any work in drawing. We aim therefore to teach the principles of arrangement by means of text-book and observation. For some time there has been a demand on the part of some of the students who have taken this course, as well as from others, for a more extended course, including work in landscape design. The latter would be rather difficult to teach by correspondence and would also be rather expensive for the mailing of the plans to and from the students, and also for the correction of plans. I have been in doubt as to whether a sufficient number of students could be found to take the course so as to make it pay, and we have not, as yet, undertaken it.

"It seems to me that your correspondent had better take good courses in mechanical drawing and architectural design preparatory to entering a landscape architect's office, where he could probably obtain the instruction in landscape design. The other alternative would be to enter some one of the landscape gardening schools and take a regular course. If he is young, the latter course would certainly be the better one for him to follow."

Neither the science nor the art of landscape planning can be taught by correspondence courses, nor can a student approach the practical part of designing landscapes except through working with some one who makes his living in this profession.

The only institution on the Pacific Coast known to the writer as offering a landscape course is the State University of Berkeley. Here the department corps is headed by Prof. J. W. Gregg, who comes to California from a similar position at the University of Pennsylvania. A letter sent to Prof. Gregg some time ago elicited the information that only elementary work has so far been taken up, inasmuch as the department was instituted but two years ago. Doubtless it is the intention later to give a full four years' course. But even so, that does not answer the questions asked: "Where may I obtain practical experience in drawing landscape designs that are actually carried out?" "Where may I get a chance to help lay out gardens, both large and small, where plans and specifications have been prepared for same?" These questions come from college graduates, as a rule, who wish to arrive at the point where they may earn a living and the universities unfortunately stop short of this in landscape courses. The only solution we see is to have on every faculty either a department head or an instructor, at least one who, in addition to college work in the classroom, practices his profession in the world at large and has demonstrated his ability to make a living thereby. Student classes may then be taken to the grounds for an outlook at the "prospect," assist in preparing the plans and later, if so desired, to aid in the actual laying out of the grounds. They may even visit the sites later to observe the method and manner of planting. They should at least become familiar with the proper disposition of the plants. Students finishing such a course are fitted to begin earning a living the day after gradu-



GIANT YUCCA.

ation, or even before, though they fall of graduation.

A Desert Giant.

NEAR the northern boundaries of Los Angeles county, not many miles from the town of Lancaster, stand some giant specimens of yucca arborescens, more popularly known as tree yuccas, or the "Joshua Tree." In this locality are immense groves of these huge plants, almost of an extent to warrant the name of forests. The one we illustrate on this page is believed to be the monarch of all. It is sixty-five feet high, with a girth of twenty-three feet at one foot above the level of the plain. This plant surpasses, in both height and girth, any specimen of the giant cactus of Arizona (*cereus giganteus*) yet discovered. A good idea of the great size of our subject may be obtained by observing the comparatively insignificant height of the human figures standing near the huge trunk. Ralph D. Peck, who "snapped" this tree, states it is the largest he saw in four years' residence in that district.

Sow Wild Gardens Now.

NOW THAT copious rains have come and the soil is wetted to considerable depth, it is a good time to sow gardens where the sowing is to be broadcast and no subsequent cultivation is contemplated. If such areas have been worked over, weed seeds started and plantlets destroyed, apply seeds at once. If the area is still in a raw state allow the weed seeds time to start, then thoroughly hoe over the surface, allow time for weeds to die and the laggard ones to spring into life, then hoe over again, sow your seeds, rake over and pulverize the surface and let nature do the remainder, for this latter is something in which you cannot render much aid. If one pulling of weeds can be given while plants are very small, from the vantage point of boards laid on the surface, much better results will ensue.

439—439—439

On or before January 1st we remove to our new location in the old Rosslyn Hotel Dining Room at

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With the greatly increased floor space we expect to be better equipped than ever to care for our growing business.

Morris & Snow Seed Co.

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Write for free catalogue.

Claremont Nurseries,
Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont, Calif.

[620]

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In fact, until two weeks

Where are the Skimmias?

A SCORE of years ago, or more, the writer used to handle some beautiful dwarf holly-like plants known to botanists as *Skimmia Japonica*. Over a quarter century ago we had them at the old German Nurseries on the corner of Fourth and Los Angeles streets and as late as 1899, or fifteen years ago, which was the last experience of the writer as a plant salesman, we handled them at Lyon & Cobbe's, No. 440 South Broadway, where the Parmelee-Dohrmann building now stands. (Note how rapidly the city swallows plant depot sites; the last named, with eighty feet frontage then rented for \$45 per month.) But where are any of these Skimmias now? The leaves are thick, glossy and toothed, like those of the hollies, the scarlet berries are very showy and lasting and the flowers are superior to those of any holly, both in appearance and in fragrance. No plants are for sale here now.

Beauty of Oleanders.

WHEN ONE wanders back from the coast in California he slowly becomes aware of unusual decorative value to be found in oleanders. In coastal regions they are the one host plant always loaded with black scale, and no others can compare with them in this respect, not even the pepper tree.

But as one journeys inland, where summer heat keeps the black scale down to a comparatively harmless minimum, the oleander is a grand success. In the San Joaquin Valley, at Riverside, San Bernardino and Redlands, it not only makes a rapid-growing, clean shrub, but even rises to the dignity of a small tree. The range of colors, from white to purple, with pinks, reds, crimson, shades of buff and yellow, makes a collection of oleanders most interesting and fully as attractive as any group of ornamental shrubs available for interior planting in California.

Phone: Home 4120. Sunset, Broadway 1420
ERNEST BRAUNTON, Horticulturist

237 FRANKLIN ST., Cor. N. Bdwy.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Will visit you and advise on all problems of gardening.

A Good Dip or Spray.

IT IS SELDOM that California is affected with any of the more serious diseases, as "white fly," but occasionally a bad case of orthitis, including a great deal of a pest on greenhouses and other plants in the East, occurs in the Southern States. One large grower has tried a variety of powders, the following and has found them useful in all plants attacked by orthitis. Ivory soap, one pound, shave water, three gallons of boiling water, add four ounces camphor and one quart of Castor oil. When this will cool, then dilute in

LITTLE HOME PRESENTS, for Dressing Table.

[Christian Science Monitor:] It is not necessary to spend a great deal of money to obtain a rich effect. These cov-
ers for the dressing table may be made at small expense and little trouble, considering the results. A set of glove, sachet, trinket, etc., boxes all to be made, to harmonize with the color scheme of one's room and em-
bellished with one's initial or monogram. Light wooden boxes which are made of plain wood work may be purchased for this purpose. They are nicely made, have
hinges and clasps, and may be had in various shapes and sizes.

Three Important

We are the agents for
The best Incubator Model
Jubilee Model, Red
The best Egg Producer
Midland No. 4, 1250
The best Chick Feed
Stetnemach Chick Feed

Aggeler & Munsen
Main Store, 6th & Alameda
Branch Store, 115 N. Main

DUTCH BUN

Our Holland Buns have arrived
time. Make your selection and
appointment. Send for our new
containing full directions for the
making.

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Now is the time to sow California

seed. Special offer for one year

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST

HOLLAND BUN

JUST ARRIVED

FINEST LOT EVER BROUGHT

Prices Reduced

Winsel's Seed Store

YORK PRESS:] The following is an
easy way to make a pretty cap: Cut a cir-
cular piece of
material, or any other material. Put a
large hem all the way around the cir-
cle, and sew narrow lace, an inch or wider,
on the outer edge of the hem. Then
sew on twenty inches of elastic through
the lace, and fasten. Put a small ribbon
on one side. They launder easily
when the elastic is removed, as they are
not a flat circle.

SEND CAMISOLE.

YORK PRESS:] The camisoles, made
so necessary for wear with lace
and evening gowns, offer excellent
opportunities for gift-making.

An attractive camisole may be made
of organdie, cross-tucking it in wide bars,
which will be sufficient decoration so
that only finish will be a casing for the
drawstrings.

Or either be a piece of net folded
and sewed to the top and bottom of the
camisole, or two strips of insertion over-
laid together along one side and sewed
on the outer edge of the camisole. The shoulder
straps may be either lace or ribbon.

Or a net or crepe de chine
casing substituted for the organdie if a
more elaborate cover is desired.

If these covers are made in a
plain pattern, no pattern is necessary.

YORK PRESS:] Cuff buttons,
ribbons, laundry bag, silk socks, satin
gloves, scarfs are among gifts
which may safely be ventured for the man.

A man's table outfit is also usually ac-
cepted.

Such things as pipes and ties are
attempted without careful consulta-
tion with the man himself.

YORK PRESS:] Boxes.

PHILADELPHIA PRESS:] A young woman

of the eastern city makes her living—and a
good one at that—by the sale of "surprise
boxes."

These are for children, and are
designed to suit individual tastes. For in-

stance, a little girl fond of dolls might find

a whole family of paper dolls and

furniture enough to furnish a whole

room. These boxes afford ideal entertain-

ment for young girls on long journeys,
rainy days or convalescence.

CHINA BOXES.

MINNEAPOLIS NEWS:] For bedrooms

in the one-tone style now popular

and china sets are to be had—gray,

white, and black.

WAS

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ORANGE LEMON GRAPE FRUIT LIME TREES

WE are digging our citrus stock now and the trees are splendid. We never handled or grew fruit trees. They are of large caliper, well branched and healthy, free of all insect or fungus pests. We have about 7500 trees to dispose of during the coming season which account for the low prices at which we are offering them: Oranges, Navels, Valencia; Lemons, Eureka; Grape Fruit; Limes. These are not "cheap" trees. They are first class in every particular, but we are overstocked. The trees can be seen at our Nursery Salesyard back of the big store.

We also carry a full line of ornamentals, parking and shade trees, roses and fruit trees. We invite your inspection.

Please address Department E

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FACTS PERTINENT TO THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

Owing to its equable climate, Los Angeles is the one city in the United States in which automobiles are used every day in the year. As a result, there are more automobiles owned and more automobile accessories sold in Los Angeles than in any other city of equal size in the world.

The total number of machines owned and operated daily by persons residing in the city of Los Angeles is in excess of 40,000. Total registrations in California are more than 122,000.

Los Angeles, which has a population of 516,317, uses 8,400,000 gallons of gasoline a year, and has 726 miles of graded streets.

436 miles of good roads radiate from the city through the county of Los Angeles.

That the Los Angeles Times, the largest newspaper in America, is ever alert to promote the interest of both automobilists and dealers is indicated by the great quantity of automobile news it regularly prints.

Chicago Representatives
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Harris Trust Building

The Times
First and Broadway, - - - Los Angeles.

New York Representatives
Williams, Lawrence & Cresser,
225 Fifth Avenue



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The Overcoats

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—In fact, until two weeks

SUNDAY MORNING

Carnage.

THE TERROR IN MEXICO.

Gutierrez Admits
He is Powerless.

It's a Pathetic Appeal to
Stop Reign of Murder
and Execution.

Villa and Zapata Quarrel as
to Whose Enemies Shall
be Slain First.

Scott Prevails upon the
Factions to Withdraw
from Our Border.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.
MEXICO CITY, Dec. 26.—Provisional President Gutierrez issued a circular tonight to all generals in the army of the convention, ordering them in most explicit terms to stop all summary executions for whatever offense. A copy of the circular was sent to Gen. Villa and

the provisional President's secretary gave out an interview authorized by the Chief Executive, in which he said that Gen. Villa objected to the circular as unnecessary, because Villa had to run down "the assassins" and punish them. Two rival conventions are in the field and three rival leaders are struggling for ascendancy to power. The statement of the secretary of the provisional President said that some central authority is now maintained in the very near future in the most serious crisis in the history of Mexico soon will be reached.

Continued on Second Page.

MIC WORLD'S NEW
LAND IN 2000

The Foremost Events of Yesterday: (2) Situation in Mexico: Civil Authorities. (3) The Great Hurricane Brewing Over the Equator from Neutral Countries; of a Contemplated German Naval Raid Into Cuxhaven.

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State Guard "Shot to Pieces." Why Should a Man Steal? New World's Queen Market. Queen City Is First Hostess. Editorial; Pen Points; Verse. Roll Call for the Police Force. Roll a Waste to a Paradise. Big Profit in Flood Control.

Players and Playhouses. Musical Notes and Comment. Action on and off the Stage. Women's Work; Women's Clubs. News of Art and Artists. The Greatest Ever Known. In Reminiscence of Local Society. Small-Town Society Notes.

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